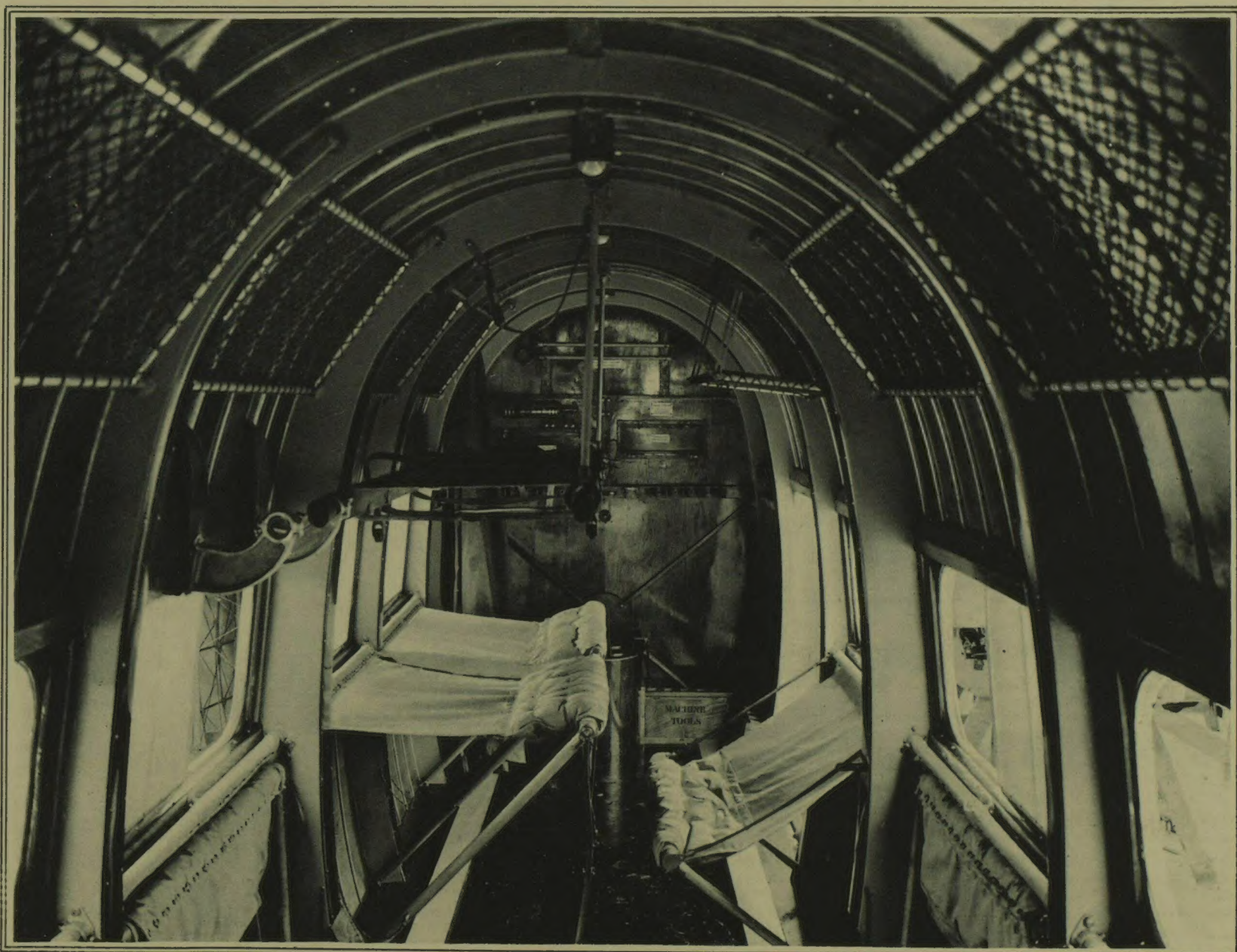
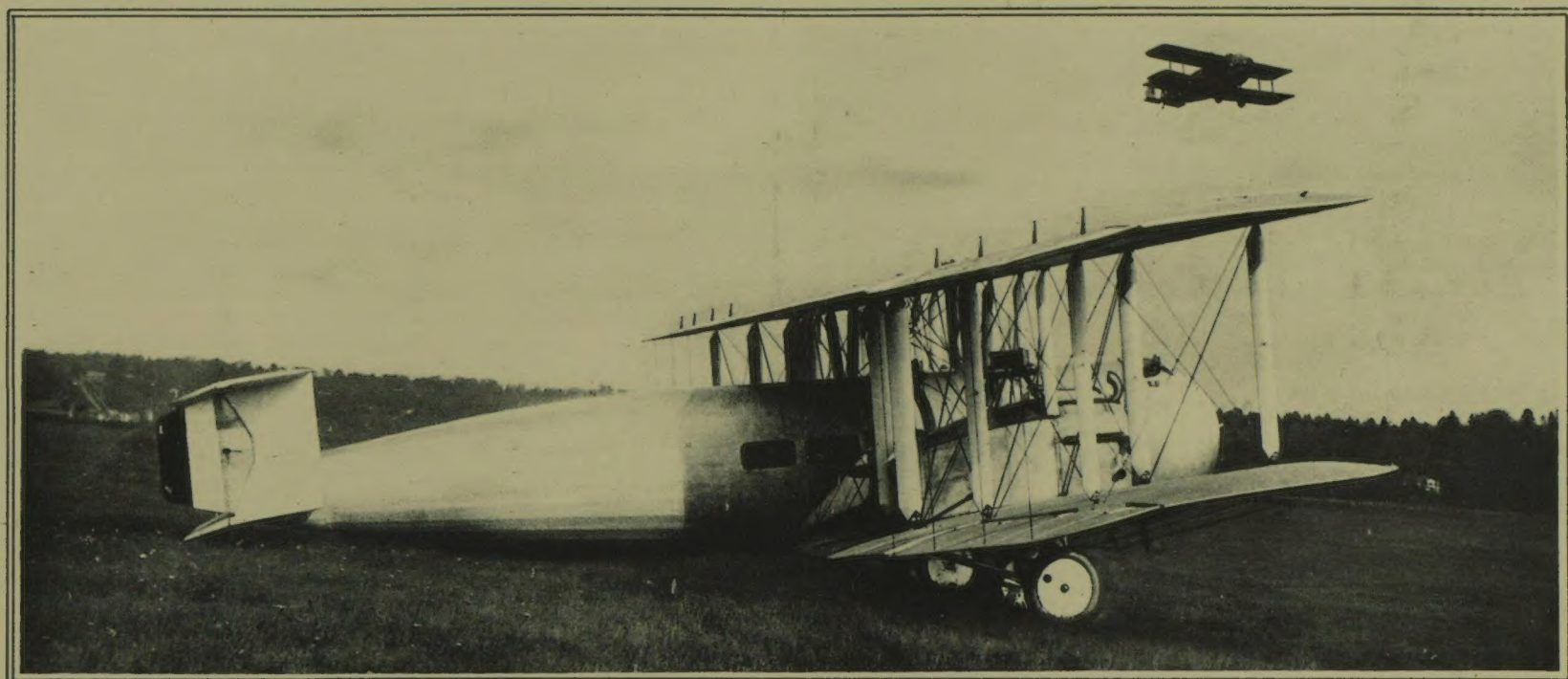


THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 31, 1929.

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BRITISH INFANTRY SENT FROM EGYPT TO PALESTINE BY AIR: THE TROOP-CARRYING VICKERS-"VICTORIA"—
THE MACHINE AND ITS CABIN.

The War Office announced on August 24 that, in view of local disturbances in Palestine, the General Officer Commanding British Troops in Egypt, at the request of the High Commissioner for Palestine, had despatched by air a detachment of British troops, fifty strong. It was reported later that this force consisted of two officers and fifty men of the South Wales Borderers.

The Vickers-"Victoria" troop-carrying aeroplane is the type in which the air rescues from Kabul were accomplished. Normally, these machines seat twenty-four. The lower photograph is a view of part of the interior, showing (left) a stretcher for a wounded man, a seat unfolded (right), and two more of the seats folded up (left and right).



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

IT is not often that we find the one book that ought to be written, written by the one man who ought to write it. I have just had this experience in coming on a volume called "The Art of Thinking," a manual for want of which the whole modern world is going mad. And it is written by the one man who might have been chosen by heaven for such a task, for he is very logical without being very controversial, and very sympathetic while quite the reverse of sentimental. The Abbé Dimnet is an excellent French expert in English literature and the author of a well-known book on the Brontës. But he is, especially for my purposes here, something immensely more than that. He is the French spirit at its finest; when it has a quality for which I can find no name except a liquid precision. It is liquid; but in the sense in which "flowing" is the very opposite of "gushing." Flowing is even different from fluent. For we generally mean by fluency merely that words do not fail, whereas I mean that words can curve and wind and return and penetrate the smallest cranny, but always so as to fit. It is precise; and yet the exact opposite of everything that we mean by a precision. The language fits exactly because it is free to do anything, not because it has been taught how to do certain things. Nobody could be more suited to rescue thought, which is fading in a fog of thoughtfulness—almost worse than the fog of thoughtlessness.

I shall not attempt here to deal with the thousand things which M. Dimnet has to say about thought; but I will merely take one of them as a text for another purpose. He suggests, with very sympathetic insight, that there is something not only accidental but needless about a vast amount of the dull claptrap that makes up current culture. It is not really because thinking is not a normal human function; but because so many have never been encouraged to discover how normal and human it is. Almost any man, he argues, may have a flash in which he feels "I am in a rut, I know, but if I would make the least effort, move only one line, say: henceforth I will talk no more nonsense, in an instant I could be outside the herd of the unthinking." . . . A trifle, a mere nothing, the buzz of a fly or the bang of a door may be enough to disturb this mood and bring back commonplace thoughts in full force; but it is no less true that, during a few moments, we have been separated from a higher mental life only by a vision which we realised was within reach and by an effort which did not seem to be an exertion. All this amounts to saying that we have a natural belief in the existence of an Art of Thinking. Some men possess it; others not; but those who do not possess it must blame themselves."

There lies on the table before me, side by side with this luminous and temperate statement, an invitation to join a movement for Peace and Progress Throughout the World, which a number of men more distinguished than myself seem to have already joined. And I cannot help feeling a faint curiosity, in reading the terms of such appeals, about whether these distinguished men and their friends ever have sat down suddenly and said, "I am in a rut, I know, but if I would make the least effort. . . ." For it seems to me that what is the matter with the modern world, distinguished men and all, is that they have allowed their minds to be completely cluttered up with a lumber of language, some of it the legacy of old blunders, some of it suited to old conditions which no longer exist. There are any number of phrases

which everybody speaks and nobody hears. There are any number of phrases which when they were used the first time may have meant something, and which are now used for the millionth time because they mean nothing. I will take one example out of a thousand, an example which happens to occur in the idealistic document of which I have spoken. I mean the expression about being ready to welcome "men of every race and creed."

Now the modern tragedy of man is that he does not stop and start when he has used those words, and gaze at them with a wild surmise, and cry distractedly, "My God! what am I saying?" For he

in the language, like pots and pans, or sticks and straws, or boots and shoes, or any other recognised grouping of things of the same type. But they are no more things of the same type than adenoids and algebras.

When we talk of somebody's creed, we mean certain convictions which must have some relation to our own convictions: either in confirming them, or contradicting them, or agreeing or disagreeing with them in various degrees. We may not burn ourselves up with missionary zeal to convert a Mormon or a worshipper of Mumbo-Jumbo; but we do regard it as conceivable that he might be converted. And we do most probably think we know of something that would be an improvement on Mormonism or Mumbo-Jumbo. Anyhow, we know he holds his creed with his mind; and he might possibly change his mind. We do not expect the Ethiopian to change his skin. We do not expect the Chinaman to cease to be a Mongolian when he ceases to be a Confucian. It is as if we were to talk about having no prejudice of colour; and then to class a Red Indian with a Red Republican. It is as if we were to extend the same loving welcome to the Yellow Peril and the Yellow Press. It is simply a confusion; but it is one of a million confusions that are now making confusion worse confounded. I only take it as a small working model, because without a working model the modern mind cannot see how things work.

The welcome we offer to men of any belief must be in its nature different from that we offer to men of any blood. If only for the simple reason that, if a man may believe anything, he may believe in the badness of all blood except his own blood. You may associate with him and his race, simply considered as a race. But if it is a Chosen Race, he may not associate with you. His thoughts, whatever they are, must determine everything about his relations with you; whereas the colour of his skin may be in most relations quite irrelevant. I rather fancy that "colour" and "creed" have come to be associated by mere alliteration and have no more rational relation than whiskers and wisdom. If a Chinaman and I discuss Proportional Representation (which God forbid!) it is in the hope that one or other will at least be intellectually influenced; but not in the hope that I shall turn yellow or he will turn pink.

Now, if anyone will pick up a paper or a page of modern writing, and look at it carefully, he will find it is a pastiche or mosaic of meaningless combinations of that sort. As a preliminary exercise, before the more subtle exercises of M. Dimnet's manual, I recommend this experiment. The catchwords are generally, indeed, used more or less unconsciously, in the service of some false philosophy. In this case it is the base and servile creed

that creeds are as inevitable and incurable as black faces or Eskimo skulls. It is the theory that we must all reconcile ourselves to thinking differently, because no thinking is any good and it is better not to think at all. It is out of that unmanly despair that such unthinking expressions arise; the thoughtless phrase out of the thoughtless philosophy. But there is, after all, nothing but a contradiction in terms in a thoughtless philosophy; and especially in a philosophy directed against thought. Fortunately, we can all think, whether we are red, black, or yellow; and that is the only true beginning of Peace and Progress throughout the World.



COMMEMORATING "THE SAILOR'S FRIEND": THE NEW MONUMENT ERECTED TO SAMUEL PLIMSOLL (ORIGINATOR OF THE "PLIMSOLL LINE"), UNVEILED BY SIR WALTER RUNCIMAN (SEEN SPEAKING FROM THE PEDESTAL).

In the Victoria Embankment Gardens, on August 21, Sir Walter Runciman unveiled a new memorial inscribed (on the shield): "Samuel Plimsoll, born 1824, died 1898. Erected by the members of the National Union of Seamen in grateful recognition of his services to the men of the sea of all nations." It was through his persistent agitation in Parliament that, in 1876, an Act (subsequently strengthened) was passed laying down that every British ship must be marked with what came to be known as "the Plimsoll Line," which has prevented innumerable lives being lost in overloaded ships. The memorial was designed by Mr. F. V. Blundstone. Below the bust are a figure of a seaman with a wreath, and a female figure personifying "Justice." It was stated that, a few days after the unveiling, there would be issued a new Report by a committee appointed in 1927 to investigate questions of loading in modern ships.

really does not know what he is saying. He is classing together two things as if they were obviously in the same class, when they have obviously never been in the same category. This does not mean that a man may not feel fraternity or charity for men of every race and creed, as he may for men with every sort of heaven and hat, or with every type of truthfulness and trousers, or with every variety of saintly self-sacrifice and taste in tobacco. But the things have nothing particular to do with each other; there is no sort of reason why they should go together; and the phrase is based on the assumption that they must always go together. Race and creed are linked

A DIRIGIBLE "HOTEL" OF THE AIR: ABOARD THE "GRAF ZEPPELIN."



A CABIN OF THE "GRAF ZEPPELIN" AS IT APPEARS IN THE DAY-TIME: A COMFORTABLE SITTING-ROOM WITH THE COUCH AS A SOFA.



THE CORRIDOR OF AN AERIAL "HOTEL": THE PASSAGE-WAY BETWEEN THE CABINS IN THE WORLD-FLYING "GRAF ZEPPELIN."



THE CABIN SHOWN IN THE FIRST ILLUSTRATION AS IT APPEARS AT NIGHT: THE COUCH ARRANGED AS A BED, WITH ANOTHER SLUNG ABOVE.



THE DINING-ROOM AS IT APPEARS BETWEEN MEALS: HOTEL-LIKE COMFORT FOR PASSENGERS ABOARD THE "GRAF ZEPPELIN."



A GAME OF CHESS IN MID-AIR: A QUIET CORNER IN THE "GRAF ZEPPELIN," WHICH RECENTLY BEGAN A WORLD-FLIGHT.



THE DINING-ROOM OF THE "GRAF ZEPPELIN," WITH DINNER IN PROGRESS: PASSENGERS ENJOYING ALL THE AMENITIES OF AN HOTEL.



AT A WASH-BASIN FITTED WITH "H. AND C.": A WOMAN PASSENGER IN THE WELL-APPOINTED GERMAN AIRSHIP.



AS IN AN HOTEL ON SHORE: THE CHEF OF THE "GRAF ZEPPELIN" AT WORK IN HIS KITCHEN WITH AN ASSISTANT.



LIKE A COMFORTABLE HOTEL BEDROOM: A WOMAN PASSENGER'S CABIN IN THE "GRAF ZEPPELIN" PREPARED FOR THE NIGHT.

The passenger accommodation aboard the "Graf Zeppelin," the German airship which recently began a flight round the world after a trip to America and back, is of a spacious and comfortable type, as our photographs show, with all the amenities of hotel life on shore. The airship started from Friedrichshafen on August 15. "This is regarded by many (wrote the Berlin correspondent of the "Times" on that date) as the official start of the world-flight, but it can alternatively be considered as the second stage, the first being last week's flight from Lakehurst (New Jersey) to Friedrichshafen." After passing over Russia and Siberia, the "Graf Zeppelin" reached Tokyo (on her first visit to Japan) on the

19th, just 100 hours after leaving Friedrichshafen, and proceeded over Yokohama to the Kasumigaura airport, when she was safely docked for re-fuelling. A French passenger, experienced in long aeroplane flights, praised the Zeppelin's remarkable comfort, the sense of security, and the absence of a feeling of captivity. Some delay occurred in leaving Japan, owing to the breakage of a strut and subsequent unfavourable weather, but on August 23 the airship was able to start on her flight across the Pacific to California. It was reported that storms on the Alaskan coast necessitated a change of course, and that on the 25th she was 1320 miles from Los Angeles, where she arrived the next day.

"A LIVING SEMBLANCE OF A DYING RACE": REMARKABLE NEW PORTRAIT RECORDS OF BLACKFEET INDIANS.

FROM THE DRAWINGS BY WINO

REISS. (COPYRIGHTED.)



"LAZY BOY": A MEDICINE MAN OF THE BLACKFEET TRIBE.



"NIGHT SHOOT": A STRIKING STUDY OF NATIVE COSTUME AND WEAPONS.

These remarkably fine and picturesque portraits, which were included in an exhibition of the artist's work recently opened at the Glaspalast in Munich, all represent Blackfoot Indians of the Glacier National Park at Montana, U.S.A. In an appreciation contributed to the "Brooklyn Daily Eagle," Mr. H. V. Kaltenborn writes: "To preserve for the world a living semblance of a dying race calls for the best an artist can give. Winold Reiss seeks to do this for the vanishing American. In selecting his subjects among the three branches of the Shoshone or Blackfoot tribe, he has chosen Indians renowned for form and feature. Kindly and simple in character, stern and rugged in physical appearance, they present a rare challenge to an artist faithful to both the outer and the inner eye. In the Winold Reiss Indian portraits this challenge has been met. He has fixed for us the roving buffalo hunter of yesterday as well as the friendly farmer of to-day. Here is the restless, aggressive

nomad of the plains here, too, the hard-working Indian of the reservations, where the dwindling tribal remnants of the long-famous Blackfeet, Bloods, and Piegiens are now confined. When the Government of the United States sought to immortalise America's typical Indian child on the Buffalo nickel, it selected one of Winold Reiss's subjects. This artist sees in these Indians, with whom he loves to live, something of the strength and glory of pioneer America. The steady glance, the lusty sinews, the warm hand-clasp, the indifference to petty limitations of time or space or money, express to him a happy contrast with the sophistication of our cities. Here, on these Western plains, the true spirit of America still lives! Crude, uncouth, uneducated though they be, these Western tribesmen speak a noble language which only a true artist can interpret."



"PLUME": A FINE TYPE OF AMERICAN INDIAN IN WESTERN DRESS.



"MANY HORSES," "LITTLE ROSEBUSH," AND BABY": WOMANHOOD AND CHILDHOOD.



"MEDICINE SNAKE WOMAN": AN OLD SQUAW OF A DYING RACE.



"HEAVY BREAST WOMAN": A TYPICAL BLACKFEET SQUAW SMOKING A PIPE.



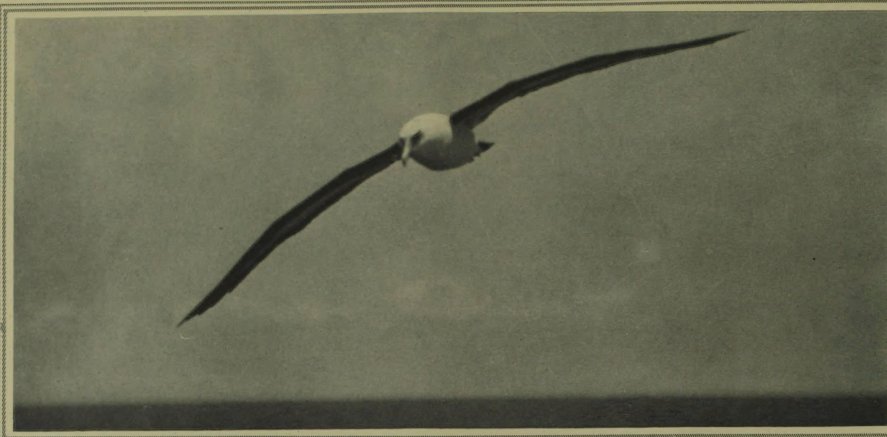
"HOME GUN": A REMARKABLE EXAMPLE OF THE FEATHERED HEAD-RESS.



"WHITE DOG": A CONTRAST TO THE ADJOINING SUBJECT IN DRESS AND HEAD-GEAR.

BIRDS OF THE BARRIER REEF: II. THE ALBATROSS, SILVER

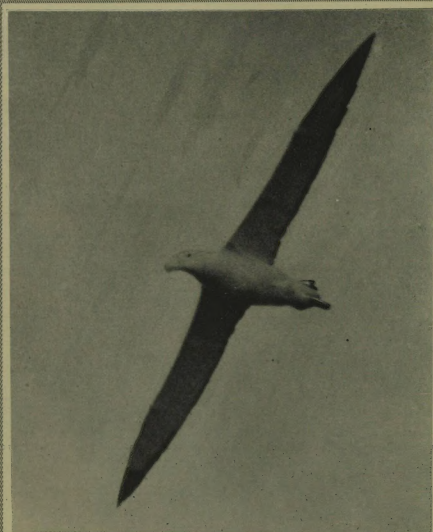
GULL, AND WEDGE-TAILED SHEARWATER, OR "MUTTON BIRD."



ONE OF NATURE'S "MONOPLANES": THE SOARING FLIGHT OF A BLACK-BROWED ALBATROSS, WHICH, "WITH WINGS OUTSPREAD, IS A MINIATURE AEROPLANE REQUIRING NO ENGINES, FOR THE WIND ITSELF SUPPLIES THE POWER."



"A SLIGHT MOVEMENT OF THE TAIL-FEATHERS AND WING-TIPS CONTROLS ITS BALANCE WITH NICE PRECISION": A SNOWY ALBATROSS IN FLIGHT.



A WANDERING ALBATROSS "BANKING": A REMARKABLE MONOPLANE-LIKE EFFECT IN THE FLIGHT OF A BIRD FAMILIAR TO SEAFARERS.

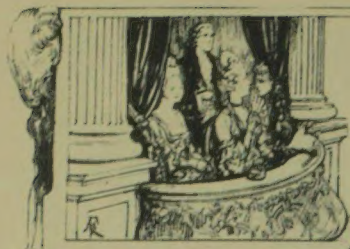
SILVER GULLS
IN A CASUARINA
TREE ON TRYON
ISLAND,
OF THE
CAPRICORN
GROUP,
AT THE SOUTHERN
END OF THE
GREAT BARRIER
REEF,
OFF THE COAST
OF QUEENSLAND.
CLEAN AND
DAINTY-LOOKING
BIRDS,
BUT "WORSE
THAN ANY
BIRD OF PREY
FOR HOBBSING
OTHER NESTS
OF EGGS
OR YOUNG."



A WEDGE-TAILED SHEARWATER, OR "MUTTON BIRD," AT ITS BURROW ON LADY MUGRAVE ISLAND IN THE BUNKER GROUP: ONE OF A SPECIES THAT BREEDS IN MILLIONS ON THESE ISLANDS AND THE CAPRICORN GROUP, AND IS REMARKABLE FOR FORMING RECOGNISED RUNWAYS THROUGH THE UNDERGROWTH, TO WHICH THE BIRDS REPAIR FROM EVERY POINT OF THE COMPASS WHEN MAKING THEIR WAY TO THE SEA.

We continue here the series begun in our issue of August 17, and omitted in the last number for reasons of space. Birds that haunt the oceans all use the soaring principle in flight. The beautiful gliding sweep of the Albatross is most familiar to seafarers. With wings outspread, it is a miniature aeroplane. A slight movement of tail-feathers and wing-tips controls its balance with precision. Birds employing this method of flight mostly find a home in the zone of continuous steady winds, which blow across the broad wastes of the southern seas. The Albatross wheels in circles round and round the ship, now far behind, now sweeping past in a long, rapid curve. There is no effort; you rarely or never see a stroke of the mighty pinion. The flight is generally near the water, often so close that you lose sight of the bird in the hollow between the waves, but how he rises again, and whence comes the propelling force, are, to the eye, inexplicable." Our photographs were taken from the stern of a steamer in the South Pacific Ocean, by Mr. E. F. Pollock, F.R.G.S., R.A.O.U., a councillor of the Royal Zoological Society of New South Wales. A very large silver gull rookery was found on Tryon Island, of the Capricorn group, by Mr. Pollock's

party. Speaking of their habits, the leader said: "The nests were discovered in the long grass under Tournfortia bushes and Casuarina trees. The sharp, rasping squawk of the gulls indicated their proximity. Two or three olive-greenish eggs, but varying considerably in the markings, were found in rather open nests. The silver gulls (*Larus Nova-Hollandiae*) are always graceful and clean, as they spend much time in bathing and making their toilet. Though a dainty-looking bird, with its silver-grey plumage and scarlet beak and legs, the silver gull has, deservedly, a very bad character. It is worse than any bird of prey for robbing other nests of eggs or young."—The Wedge-Tailed Shearwaters, or "Mutton Birds" (*Puffinus pacificus*), breed in millions on islands of the Capricorn and Bunker groups. The females nest in burrows, laying only one white egg. "As soon as darkness sets in," said Mr. Pollock, "the birds arrive in clouds, settling all over the island, which is honeycombed with burrows. They make night hideous with their cries and caterwaulings. In the early mornings the whole colony disappears as suddenly as it came. There are recognised runways formed by the birds, and to these they repair and make their way to the sea."



The World of the Kinema.

By MICHAEL ORME.



"MADAME X" AT THE EMPIRE THEATRE.

WHEN the talking-film was still in its first phase of booming voices and ponderous delivery (they are with us still, but the phase may be regarded as one from which the best sound-films have definitely

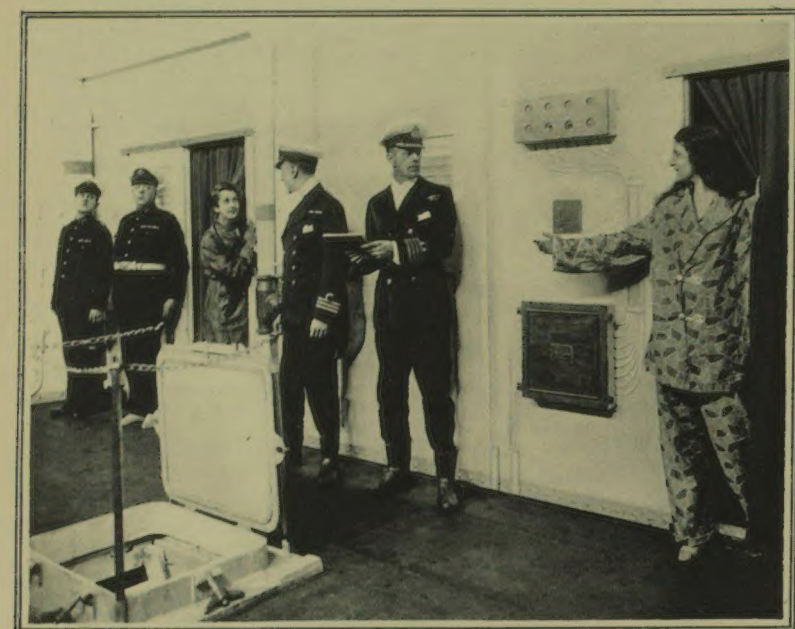
of importance at the moment. Nor does Mr. Barrymore strive to adapt the technique of the screen to the exigencies of sound. He gathers two or three characters together and lets them talk—that is all. The meeting of the conspirators in the blackmailer's lodging is ludicrous in its charade-like *naïveté*. It is Mr. Barrymore's good fortune to have in Miss Chatterton an artist who not only talks admirably, but who uses a flexible voice with such consummate skill that she, and she alone, supplies the light and shade omitted by her producer.

The selection of "Madame X" is, I think, unfortunate from Mr. Barrymore's point of view. The play has been done over and over again. Great actresses of several countries have used the tragic mother as a vehicle for their art. Pauline Frederick's portrayal in the silent film is not yet forgotten, even if Miss Chatterton discovers new aspects of the part. Above all, the melodrama gains nothing from the elaboration of earlier chapters. The real conflict is in the court of law. Mr. Barrymore jerks us off to China, to some island in the Pacific, to a lodging-house in Buenos Ayres, in his anxiety to expose the *dégingolade* of the unhappy Jaqueline. The episodes are conventionally staged and conventionally conceived. But they are, I hasten to add, illuminated by the art of Miss Chatterton, who reveals an extraordinary sense of character. Nor does the actress lessen her grip on our attention when the situation tends to repeat itself. Her sensitiveness, her sincerity and

lights of mechanical achievement. Yet, when all this is said, "Broadway" forms a remarkably interesting example of present-day kinema methods—"talkie" methods in particular. It seems a far cry from the first "sound" picture to these whirling mazes of "shots" taken from unusual and striking angles; the alluring glimpses of Broadway with its blazing night-signs; its tremendous volume of traffic with its myriad voices and sounds—the rumbling of overhead trains, the hooting of cars; the clatter of voices in restaurants and clubs; the rattle of inserted coins in automatic telephone-boxes; the report of pistols; or the applause that greets the dancers in the cabaret scenes. If talking-films are to be the staple popular entertainment of the future, it seems likely that it will be pictures such as "Broadway" that will sweep all before them. And this because they are the type of film that most nearly conforms to the true nature of cinematography; in which the ear is but the servant of the eye; in which the pictorial values entirely outweigh the sound; in which the motion-picture, as such, can stand apart from interpolation of sound and dialogue and still retain its natural artistic integrity; in which the shadow-world is the inherent reality and mechanised speech but a confusion of tongues.

Beautiful Evelyn Brent—whose first talking-film was "Interference"—plays the part of Pearl, the dancer. Whatever we may feel about the ethics of the situation, Evelyn Brent, in the restraint and finish of her acting, succeeds in enlisting our sympathy. Mr. Thomas Jackson, as the detective, impressively repeats his original success in the stage-play; while a remarkable piece of "character" acting is contributed by Mr. Paul Porcasi as the proprietor of the Paradise Club, in which most of the events of the story take place. Myrna Kennedy—who was Charlie Chaplin's leading lady in "The Gold Rush"—is an attractive foil and cabaret partner to Glen Tryon, who plays the part of Roy Lane, the ballet-master, whose chief assets are "personality" and unquenchable ambition to see his name in letters of light above Broadway. Steve Crandall, the villain of the piece, is admirably portrayed by Robert Ellis.

But "Broadway" is essentially a director's, rather than an actor's picture. Though the players undoubtedly make the most of their opportunities, they are, as it were, more or less incidents against a background whose mechanical excellence submerges instead of throwing up the human personalities of the story. Perhaps Dr. Fejos intended us to read satire between the arresting strokes of his creative genius and his



A GAY NAVAL FARCE: "THE MIDDLE WATCH," AT THE SHAFTESBURY THEATRE—(L. TO R.) CORPORAL DUCKETT (REGINALD PURDELL), MARINE OGG (AUBREY MATHER), FAY EATON (JANE BAXTER), COMMANDER BADDELEY (REGINALD GARDINER), CAPTAIN MAITLAND (BASIL FOSTER), AND MARY CARLTON (OLIVE BLAKENEY) ABOARD H.M.S. "FALCON."

"The Middle Watch," a Romance of the Navy, by Ian Hay and Stephen King-Hall, is a delicious farce with all its scenes laid aboard a British cruiser on the China Station. The trouble begins after a quarter-deck dance, when Fay Eaton, engaged to a Captain of Marines, stays to dine with him in his cabin (contrary to regulations) chaperoned by a gay young American widow. Unable to return to shore, they are compelled to remain for the night, and the Captain has to be told, because his cabins provide the only available accommodation. Attracted by the widow, he relaxes discipline and omits to signal the incident to the flag-ship. Suddenly the cruiser is ordered to sea, and the Admiral decides to sail in her. Scenes of confusion follow his arrival, and the widow's charms are again exerted to save the situation.

emerged) a charming actress proved that a flexible voice and speech at a normal rate could register as well as and better than the elaborate vocal efforts hitherto deemed necessary. This was Miss Ruth Chatterton, whose poise and restrained emotion lifted "The Doctor's Secret" right out of the ruck of contemporary productions. A little later, Lionel Barrymore made his talking début. His performance was experimental, in that he attempted to break away from the favoured *fortissimo* of the film actor. He dared to whisper. His whisper was not always audible, but it undoubtedly came as a distinct relief to the stridency of the sound-film. Even to-day, the microphone seems to find difficulty in dealing with a whisper. Though it picks up every little sound, such as the turning of a key in a lock or the fizz of a syphon, it transforms a whisper into a sort of windy gasp that does not penetrate to the uttermost corners of the auditorium as a well-managed whisper should. However, Mr. Barrymore not only whispered, but also announced in a brief interview that he purposed to embark on some pioneer work in the realm of sound, and to develop the "perspective of sound." The further announcement indicating that Miss Ruth Chatterton would be "starred" in a film under the direction of Mr. Barrymore held out, therefore, a promise of an extremely interesting piece of work. An experimental director and an artist of the calibre of Miss Chatterton—what could, and would, they not add to the history of the talking-film?

The result of their joint efforts has come to London in the shape of a synchronised version of our old friend, "Madame X." As far as Miss Chatterton is concerned, the promise held out to us is fully redeemed. The actress scores a triumph. But Mr. Barrymore's share in the shaping of the film is disappointing. He confronts us with no innovations. He does not forge ahead on the sea of sound-perspective. True, there is, here and there, an attempt at using a background of sound—the babble and laughter of children in the Bois, or the music in a restaurant. But this attempt merely results in a forcing of the major note, since the dialogue, thus accompanied, happens to be

depth of feeling, infuse new life into each familiar chapter. Mr. Barrymore has treated the rest of his company—as indeed, the whole of the film—in the manner of a setting for his "star," and whilst the play, the company, and the production suffer in consequence, for the sake of his "star" he must be forgiven. For his own sake, I trust he will be more concerned with the whole, and less with the individual, in his next effort.

"BROADWAY."

"Astounding," "wonderful," "magnificent," "dazzling," "breath-taking." These are but a few of the adjectives that have been employed in description and reviews of "Broadway," the new spectacular production at the Regal. And, in many ways, most of them are justified. For Dr. Paul Fejos has undoubtedly succeeded in infusing the screen adaptation of the famous stage-play with swiftness of movement and a swinging pictorial rhythm, as well as a tension that is seldom allowed to slacken.

The story is, of course, the well-known melodrama of the stage-play. But—and this, I think, affords a not insignificant example of the inherent differences between stage, and screen—in the film its outlines are sometimes blurred by the very perfection of technical effects and emphasis. In other words, the physical limitations of the stage, which, skilfully handled, tend to enhance the psychologically dramatic values of a situation, are here swept away. And since to the camera—at any rate as directed by Dr. Fejos—almost incredible things are possible, the poor little plot is often entangled in such a blaze of technical brilliance that it disappears into obscurity before the head-



THE CAPTAIN OF A BRITISH CRUISER ON THE CHINA STATION HAS NO APPETITE FOR BREAKFAST AFTER A DISTURBED NIGHT: CAPTAIN MAITLAND (BASIL FOSTER) VAINLY TEMPTED BY HIS CHINESE SERVANT, AH FONG (REGINALD PURDELL), IN "THE MIDDLE WATCH," AT THE SHAFTESBURY.

almost pitiful exploitation of human weaknesses. Be that as it may, "Broadway" is a film that should not be missed either by those to whom pictorial beauty and originality appeal, or by those whose interests are bound up with the latest developments of cinematographic art.

THE PALESTINE CRISIS: BRITISH WAR-SHIPS SENT; A MOSLEM CONCLAVE.



WHERE RIOTING OCCURRED, WITH MANY CASUALTIES: A TYPICAL JEWISH PROCESSION OF SCHOOLBOYS IN TELAVIV, WHICH IS NOW THE PRINCIPAL JEWISH CENTRE IN PALESTINE, BUT WAS FORMERLY A SUBURB OF JAFFA.



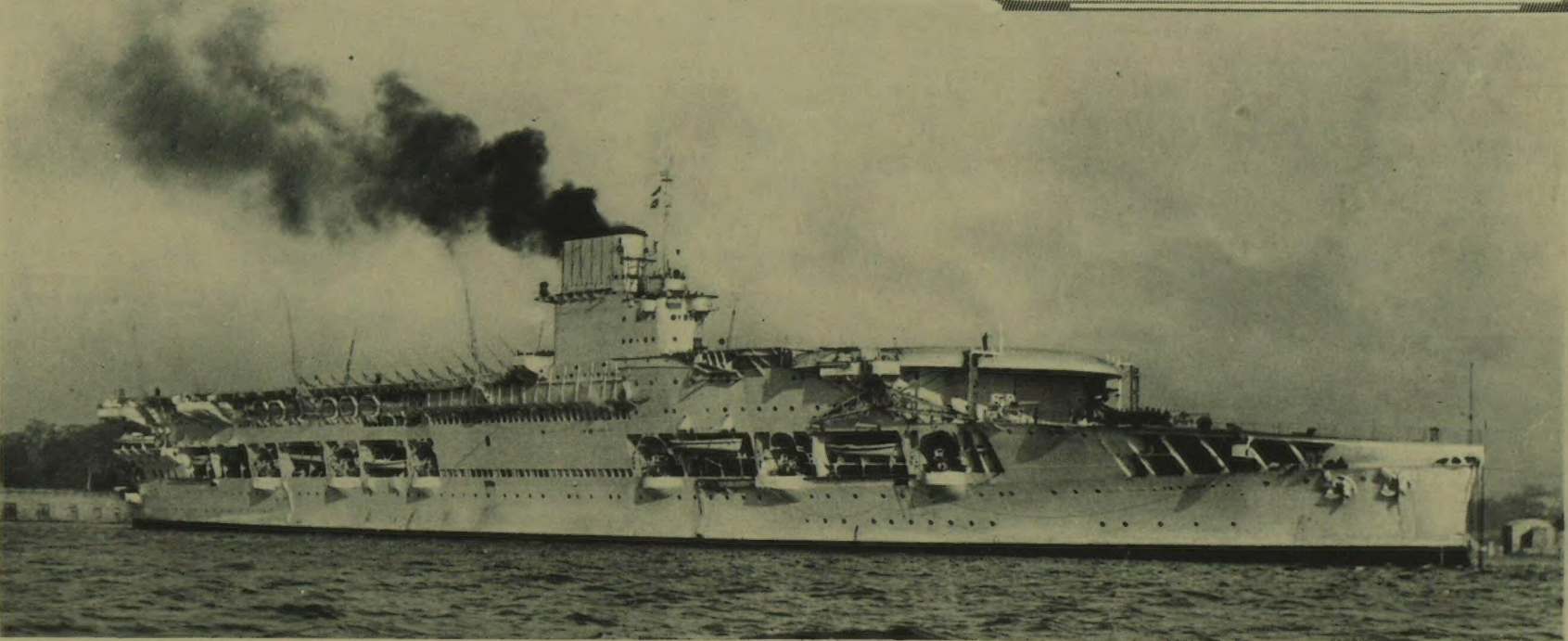
A BRITISH BATTLE-SHIP SENT FROM MALTA TO JAFFA, TO LAND A PARTY IF NECESSARY: H.M.S. "BARHAM," OF THE FIRST BATTLE SQUADRON (LEAVING MALTA ON ANOTHER OCCASION).



A LARGE MOSLEM MEETING HELD SOME MONTHS AGO, TO DISCUSS COUNTER-MEASURES AGAINST ALLEGED JEWISH ATTEMPTS TO CHANGE THE STATUS QUO OF THE WAILING WALL IN JERUSALEM: A TYPICAL ARAB ASSEMBLAGE.



BRITISH AUTHORITIES IN PALESTINE: SIR JOHN CHANCELLOR (RIGHT), HIGH COMMISSIONER, AND MR. H. C. LUKE, ACTING HIGH COMMISSIONER.



A BRITISH AIRCRAFT-CARRIER DESPATCHED FROM MALTA TO JAFFA, WITH THE 2ND BATTALION, SOUTH STAFFORDSHIRE REGIMENT, ON BOARD, TO AID IN RESTORING ORDER IN PALESTINE: H.M.S. "COURAGEOUS," WHICH LEFT MALTA ON AUGUST 26 ESCORTED BY TWO DESTROYERS.

An official communiqué issued in Jerusalem on August 25 stated: "H.M. cruiser 'Sussex' arrives at Jaffa from Malta to-morrow morning and will land a party; H.M. battle-ship 'Barham' will arrive on Tuesday morning (the 27th) and will land a party if necessary. The situation is well in hand." The casualties to date were officially given as follows: "Killed—10 Moslems, 14 Jews, 3 Christians; seriously wounded—21 Moslems, 37 Jews (5 since dead), and 1 Christian; slightly wounded—32 Moslems, 66 Jews, 15 Christians." A Reuter message from Malta on the 26th said: "The 2nd Battalion, Staffordshire Regiment embarked in H.M. aircraft-carrier 'Courageous,' which left this morning for Jaffa, escorted by H.M. destroyers 'Wanderer' and 'Veteran.' It is reported on good authority that H.M. aircraft-

carrier 'Eagle' and two more destroyers have been re-fuelled and provisioned preparatory to leaving for Palestine to-morrow." Another Reuter report of August 26 from Jerusalem stated: "Disturbances in Tel Aviv have started, although 200 British soldiers are stationed in the vicinity, and 70 Jewish civilians have been sworn in as special constables. Martial law has been proclaimed. Trouble began in Tel Aviv when Moslems . . . broke away from a funeral procession towards the town. The police opened fire, and six Moslems were killed." The High Commissioner for Palestine, Lieut.-Col. Sir John Robert Chancellor, was lately in England, and left on August 22 to return to his post. Meantime his chief secretary, Mr. H. C. Luke, was Acting High Commissioner.

THE OCCASION OF MOSLEM-JEWISH CONFLICTS IN JERUSALEM: THE WAILING WALL AND ITS TRADITIONS.

Drawings by Mr. F. C. Richards, R.E. (Copyrighted.)



JERUSALEM FROM NEAR THE JAFFA GATE: A DRAWING SHOWING THE DOME OF THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE (CENTRE BACKGROUND); THE POOL OF HEZEKIAH (LEFT CENTRE); AND A BRITISH WAR CEMETERY (DISTANCE).

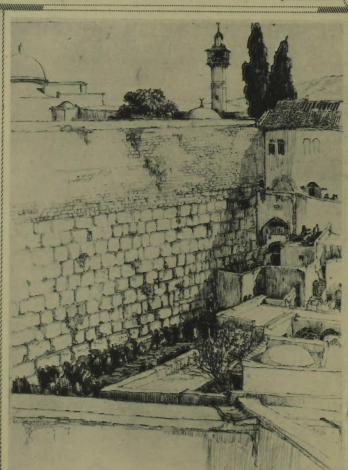


SHOWING THE WAILING WALL—JUST BELOW THE DOME OF THE ROCK (CENTRE BACKGROUND), WITH GETHSEMANE (TO RIGHT OF DOME); DAVID STREET (UNDER ARCH, CENTRE); MOUNT OF OLIVES (DISTANCE): A VIEW OF JERUSALEM.



"DAVID" AND "CHRISTIAN" STREETS, THE CHIEF APPROACH TO THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON: THE SACRED MAIN STREET OF JERUSALEM, SHOWING IN THE LEFT FOREGROUND AN ALLEY LEADING TO THE WAILING WALL.

THE JEWS' WAILING WALL AT JERUSALEM, SHOWING (ABOVE IT) THE TEMPLE AREA NOW IN THE POSSESSION OF THE MOSLEMS: A DRAWING MADE THE DAY AFTER A DISTURBANCE LAST YEAR, FROM THE ROOF TERRACE OF THE MOSLEM COURT OF JUSTICE.



SHOWING WOMEN WORSHIPPERS (IN THE LEFT BACKGROUND) NOT DIVIDED FROM THE MEN BY A SCREEN (AS STATED TO BE GENERALLY USED): A TYPICAL GATHERING OF JEWISH MOURNERS AT THE WAILING WALL IN JERUSALEM ON THE DAY OF ATONEMENT, THE MOST SACRED DAY IN THE JEWISH CALENDAR.

WITH VERY LARGE STONES IN THE NINE LOWER COURSES SAID TO DATE FROM THE TIME OF HEROD THE GREAT: THE WAILING WALL—A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN LAST APRIL.

represented that paper in the Near East says: "The Wailing Wall is more than a religious meeting-place for pious Jews; it is a rampart between the old and the new Jerusalems . . . representing the last visible masonry of Herod's Temple. For nearly 60 ft. above rise its giant blocks of limestone, some of them 15 ft. and 16 ft. long. . . This (is) the nearest spot to which pious Jews will approach the site of the Temple now covered by the Dome of the Rock. . . In justice to the Arab (who, too often, is labelled as the villain of the piece without proper study of the plot) it must always be remembered that the space in front of the wall is not only a right of way, but, as was acknowledged by the Colonial Office in a recent White Paper, is actually Mohammedan property belonging to the charitable foundation of the Wakf. Not unnaturally, the Arabs resent any tendency by the Jews to appropriate the courtyard as a right."

We give here some interesting illustrations of Jerusalem and the Wailing Wall, which has lately again become a centre of racial and political strife between Moslem and Jew. The four drawings on the left page are by Mr. F. C. Richards, R.E., who has just returned from Palestine after a stay of several years in the Near East. His drawing (lower right) of the Wailing Wall itself was made on the day after an "incident," from an unusual point of view. "Through the kind offices of Major Keith Roach, Governor of Jerusalem," says a descriptive note supplied with the drawings, "Mr. Richards was introduced to the Grand Mufti, who represents the Moslem religion in Jerusalem. The drawing was made from the roof terrace of the Moslem Court of Justice. The presence of so many wailing Jews on this particular day was no doubt due to the incident mentioned." In connection with the large illustration on the right, a companion statement says: "This photograph of the Wailing Wall on the Day of Atonement was taken in pre-War days. The Jews claim that they have been in the habit of using screens dividing the female worshippers from the males. The Arabs declare this is not so. No screen is shown in this photograph, and it was purposely enlarged and considered by the Government when they issued their White Paper on the subject." A writer in the "Times," who formerly

THE SAGA OF THE SUCCULENT BIVALVE.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"THE GLORIOUS OYSTER": By HECTOR BOLITHO.*

(PUBLISHED BY KNOPE.)

The herring loves the moonlight, the mackerel loves the wind;
But the oyster loves the dredging-song, for he comes of a gentler
kind.

THUS a Sea Proverb of a date unknown to me.

"The Colchester Oyster Fishery, which has contributed over £80,000 in relief of the local rates in the past forty years, again found much difficulty last year in meeting the demand. Record prices were obtained, and yet the call continued unabated. It is a curious fact that the higher the price, the keener seems the demand for native oysters. Unhappily, native oysters nowadays are too much of a strain on the ordinary man's purse, but the rich man can—and does—indulge his appetite." Thus the *Observer* of last Sunday.

To think that the "succulent bivalves" of the old three-decker journalist were sometimes sold for eightpence a bushel in the early nineteenth century, and that Sam Weller instructed Mr. Pickwick: "It's a very remarkable circumstance, sir, that poverty and oysters always seems to go together."

What I mean, sir, is that the poorer a place is the greater call there seems to be for oysters.

... Blessed if I don't think that ven a man's very poor, he rushes out of his lodgings, and eats oysters in reg'lar desperation."

So the oyster—or, at all events, the native, the aristocrat—would appear to be taking his revenge, disproving Goldsmith's assertion that he differs little from the mussel, "except in the thickness of his shell and his greater imbecility," by decreeing a close time for the dredging-song and doing his best to ensure the attainment of the exclusiveness he forfeited at a vague, fecund, and securer time "whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary." Possibly, apart from "cussedness," he finds the post-war cost of breeding on the London clay not worth the "greater delicacy of flavour" that distinguishes him from his more plebeian relations. Possibly he has heard with disgust of Eyton's dictum: "The nervous system in the oyster is of course low, there being no distinct brain." Maybe he has developed a hatred of those Natives, of Jesus College, Cambridge, who specialise in Oyster "Feasts" and colours that are pink and black and light blue. Perchance broadcast waves, straying in the seas, have enlightened him as to the thousand of his kin swallowed at a sitting by three contractors, or, even, of the ninety-six Mr. Arthur Byron ate—poetically, let us hope—without tremor as to "three of doubtful quality." Perhaps he cherishes the slogan "Safety First" and realises that there is not always safety in numbers! Who knows? The fact remains. And the native is laughing in his beard, rejoicing in his rarity. However, who cares now that it is the habit to live unfrugally and foods—and slimming abstentions from them—are so prevalent a topic that, as our author recalls, a comedian has described neo-Georgian woman's conversation as "one long organ recital"?

Is not the oyster "an edible and pleasing fellow"? He is—he always was; though Dr. Johnson likened him, when scalloped, to "children's ears in sawdust," and Thackeray thought that eating him was like swallowing a naked baby! "Ingrates, the pair of them," chant gourmand and gourmet, as they sigh, perhaps, for the gastronomic glories of old Rome. They "did themselves well" then; and there were no thoughts of the oyster as Huxley's "piece of machinery (and going machinery, too) greatly more complicated than a watch." Rather, it was a case of anticipating the attitude of the sixteenth-century Sir

Francis Walsingham, who wrote to his "loving friends, the Bayliffes of Colchester," saying: "After my hartie comendations Her Ma^{tie} having a purpose to bee at my howse here upon Tuesday next being the XXIXth of this present, I doe therefore pray you for my better provision to enterteyne her to furnish me of some good fysh if anie there to bee had and send the same vnto mee by some there, whom I will both content for his paines and fysh: but at anie hand lett me not fayle of oysters, for of them I make full accompt to bee furnished from thence."

"Lett me not fayle of oysters." There is a proper motto for the disciples of Apollodorus: you remember your Shaw!

"Caesar: ... I found the British oyster.

Apollodorus: All posterity will bless you for it."

"Lett me not fayle of oysters." In their greed, patrician women of ancient Rome, having gorged, tickled their throats with peacock feathers, most unpleasantly to make more room for dainties; and "when Rome shivered and

represented by an engraving in this paper; and, especially, in a state of siege, with a modicum of good luck that his shell is outside his body, and not, like that of the garden-slug, the octopus and the squid, tucked away just beneath the skin!

Needless to say, Man is an important foe; but he is a saviour as well. "The veligers, when they escape, are transparent, except for a few patches of dark pigment, and extremely minute, being only about 1-500th of an inch in diameter. They are, in fact, so small that some two millions might be packed into a cubic inch of space, that is into little more space than a fair-sized lump of sugar might occupy, and when they leave the mother they do so in a body, their departure having been aptly described as resembling 'a puff of smoke from a railway engine.' The number of eggs produced from a single oyster has been variously estimated at from 300,000 to 60,000,000 in a season, while another authority, Mobius, has calculated that 1000 full-grown oysters will produce 440 million

embryos annually. Without man's intervention there is little doubt that the number of oysters in the sea would not materially increase from year to year." But man is very interested! "Oysters are more valuable than any other single product of the fisheries, and in at least twenty-five countries are an important factor in the food-supply. The approximate value of the world's oyster crop approaches £4,400,000 annually, representing over 30,000,000 bushels, or nearly 10 billion oysters. Not less than 150,000 persons are engaged in the industry, and the total number dependent thereon is fully half a million."

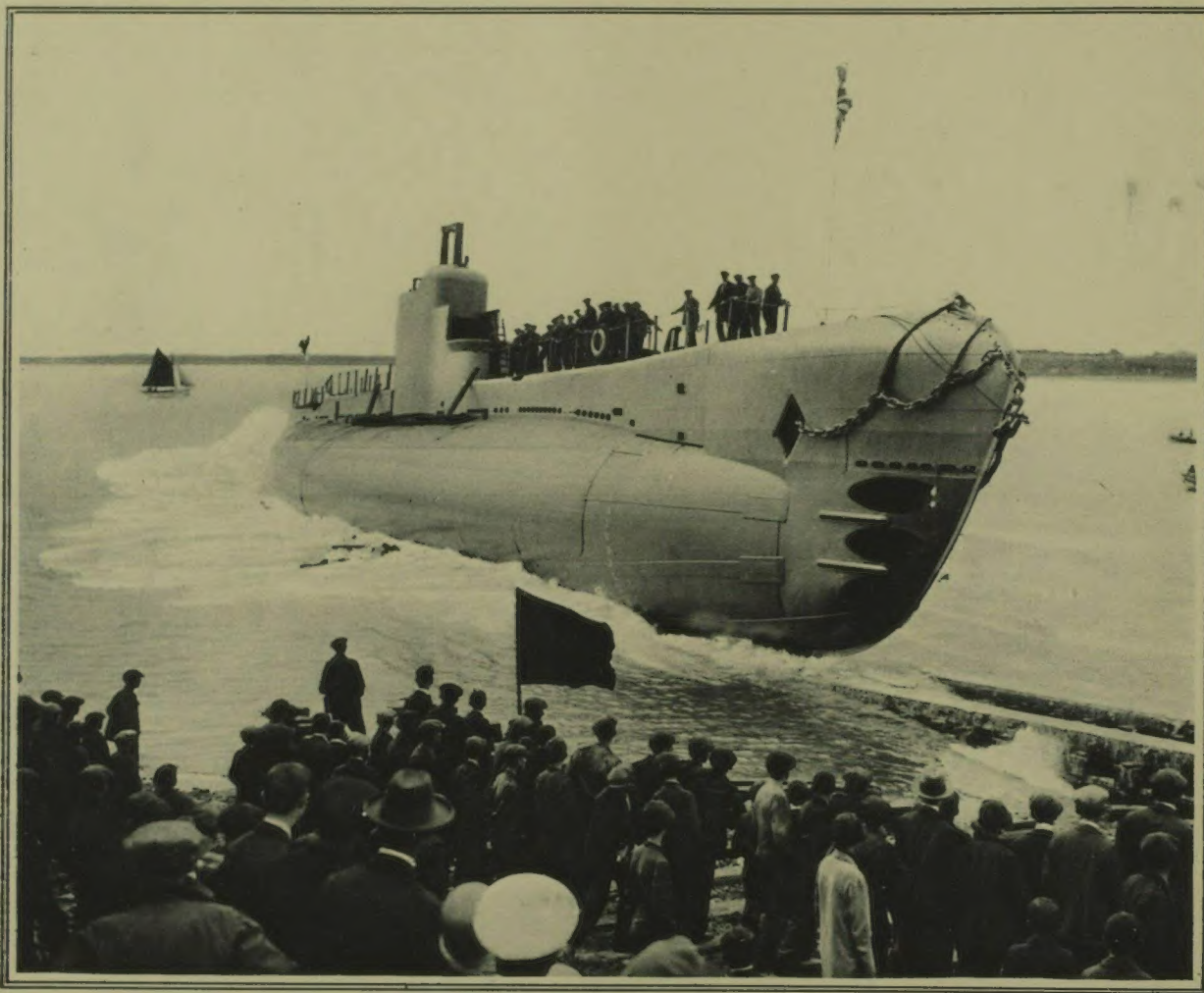
He would be more interested still could he defeat the occasional disease; creatures that "blockade" the oyster by settling near him and on him, thus robbing him of the nourishment that should be his particular preserve—a boring sponge that sets up what the French call *La maladie du pain d'épices*, worms and barnacles, which also spoil his marketable appearance, and the slipper-limpet; and pests militant—the dog-whelk, which bores through the shell with its rasp-like tongue; the whelk-tingle, from which the Tyrian purple dye was obtained, also a piercer; star-fish, which always

win their tugs-o'-war and pull the shells apart before absorbing the resisting oyster; the crab, the skate, the octopus, and so on, not forgetting monkeys who prevent the shutting of the open shells by inserting stones between them, pending their ravishment.

After attack, the feast. The Romans, seemingly, ate their Lucrine and their British oysters "unfired," as Eustace Miles would have it, but with a special bread: "Through the rich and then the declining years of the Romans, the British oysters were sent to them by sea. It was the fashion sometimes to pack them in sacks of snow, so that the shells were held together, keeping the oysters wet and fresh in their own liquid." But it may be taken that it was not long before the "Mrs. Beeton's" of the ages were busy. Hence it is that Mr. Bolitho, having begun an Anthology with Chaucer and ended it with Jim Tully, devotes the last pages of his work to "Oysters—Raw and Cooked"—from the uncooked, with the convex shell underneath to act as a liquor-retaining cup, to such mysteries—to me—as Oyster Gumbo, Oyster and Grape-fruit Salad, Oyster Bellevue Stratford, Oyster Sausages, and Shrivelled Oysters.

After all, what does it matter if the oyster is, in the figures of Payen: "Nitrogenous matter—14.010; fatty matter—1.515; saline matter—2.695; non-nitrogenous matter and floss—1.375; water—80.385=99.980"? It remains—an Oyster. And to-morrow there's an R in the month. You may eat your oysters, if you did not begin on St. James's Day—and, if not with them, before or after them you must read "The Glorious Oyster: His History," loving that "extolled fish" as—once—he himself loved the dredging-song!

E. H. G.



BRITAIN'S LATEST SUBMARINE—A CRAFT REQUIRING A CREW OF FIFTY-FIVE OFFICERS AND MEN: THE "PANDORA" LAUNCHED AT BARROW.

The "Pandora" was launched from the naval construction works of Messrs. Vickers-Armstrong, at Barrow, on August 22, at the same time as the British torpedo-boat-destroyer "Arrow." The "Pandora" requires a crew of fifty-five officers and men, and in this connection it is interesting to recall Commander Craven's reference to certain submarines of the past which only called for crews of seventeen!

became dust, other civilisations took the oyster to their heart and loved it and ate it. And as the art of cooking moved from the crude fire in the open to the refined science of the kitchen, the oyster fired the imagination of cooks and gourmets, until oyster eating could almost be looked upon as a sign of civilisation."

Now comes Mr. Hector Bolitho to add an Ecstasy of Oysters to Masters of Peacocks, Exaltations of Larks, Congregations of Plovers, True-loves of Turtles, and the other delectable groupings.

An Ecstasy—and an Encyclopædia. The writer ignores the "choking oyster" that silences, the "stopping oyster" carried in the poke. "Mum" is not the word for him when the "cool grey velvet" is revealed on the deep shell, ready to blend with the "black velvet" that is stout and champagne! Having made up his mind to write in praise of the oyster, he has done so with avidity, with ingenuity, and with an expertly supervised enthusiasm.

Thus we have not only the oyster in Rome and in Great Britain and elsewhere, but sedentary on his bed and actively attractive in the raw state and the cooked. Also, the oyster as changer of its sex and as producer of the spat that becomes veligers destined to grow to tolerable size in two or three years and reach maturity in their third or fourth; the oyster as clinger to trees; as "amatory food," in "Don Juan"; as whistler and mouse-trap; as discovered attached to a champagne bottle, with shells modified in form by the curve of the glass, and thus worthy to be presented in *The Illustrated London News* of August 11, 1855, as one of the queer relics from the wreck of the *Royal George*; as dweller in an ancient Chinese teapot—also

* "The Glorious Oyster: His History in Rome and in Britain, His Anatomy and Reproduction, How to Cook Him, and what Various Writers and Poets have Written in His Praise." Collected Together as an Acknowledgment of the Supreme Pleasure he has Given to All Persons of Taste since Roman Times, by Hector Bolitho. With Certain Chapters Edited by Maurice Burton, M.Sc., Natural History Museum, London. (Alfred A. Knopf; 6s. net.)

FROM PALACE TO "HOME": THE KING JOURNEYS TO SANDRINGHAM.



THE DEPARTURE FROM BUCKINGHAM PALACE: THE KING AND QUEEN LEAVING IN THEIR CAR FOR KING'S CROSS AMID ENTHUSIASTIC CHEERS FROM THE ASSEMBLED SPECTATORS.



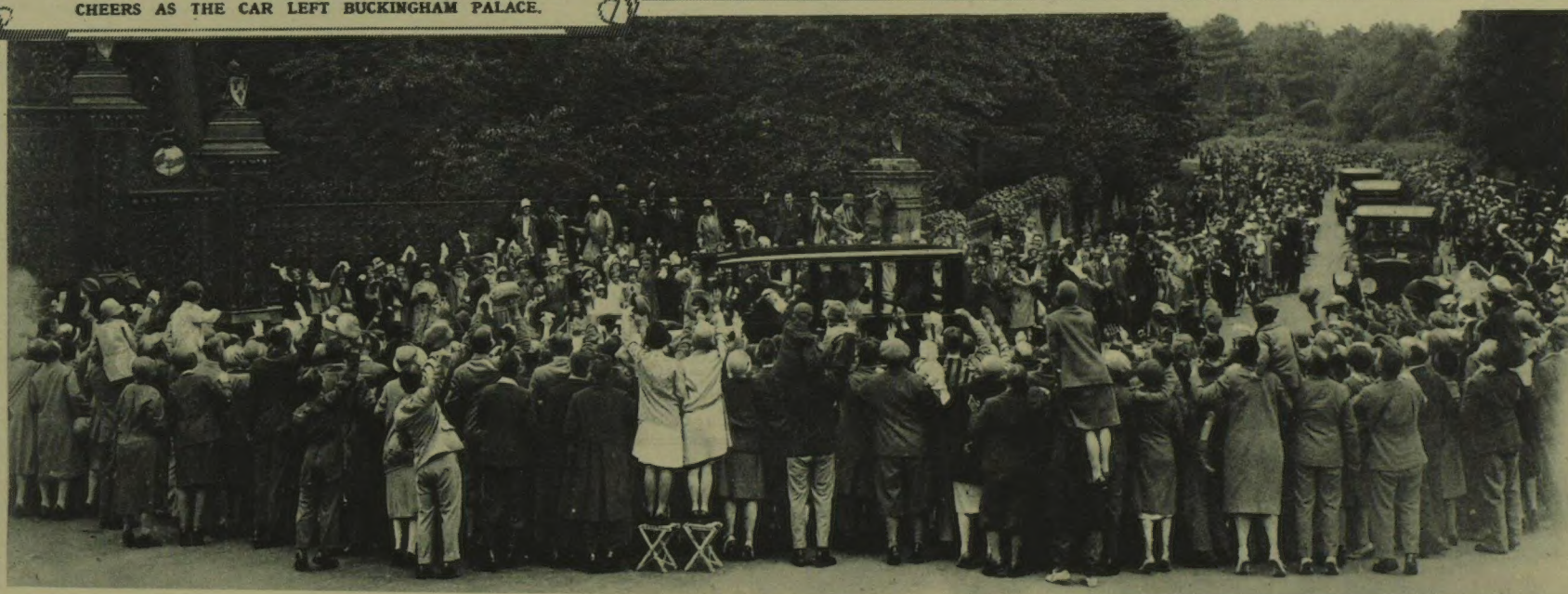
THE ARRIVAL AT KING'S CROSS: THE ROYAL CAR, CLOSELY HEMMED IN BY A CROWD OF LONDONERS INTERESTED IN SEEING HIS MAJESTY FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE THE THANKSGIVING SERVICE.



MANIFESTING EVERY INDICATION OF RESTORED HEALTH: THE KING (SEATED BESIDE THE QUEEN) ACKNOWLEDGING CHEERS AS THE CAR LEFT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.



A WAYSIDE GREETING AS THE ROYAL TRAIN PASSED ON ITS JOURNEY TO WOLFERTON: CHILDREN AND THEIR ELDERS WAVING AND CHEERING BESIDE THE LINE AT NEW SOUTHGATE.



THE KING'S TRIUMPHAL RETURN TO HIS NORFOLK HOME (WHERE HIS LONG ILLNESS BEGAN) AFTER HIS RESTORATION TO HEALTH: THE ROYAL CAR ON THE LEFT, WITH ITS LARGE GLASS WINDOWS GIVING A GOOD VIEW OF THEIR MAJESTIES) ABOUT TO ENTER THE GATES OF SANDRINGHAM HOUSE AMID THE AFFECTIONATE CHEERS OF THE PEOPLE GATHERED TO GREET THEM FROM ALL THE NEIGHBOURING COUNTRYSIDE.

As the King's doctors had at length pronounced him fit to travel, his Majesty and the Queen left London for Sandringham on Saturday, August 24. The journey, it may be recalled, was to have been made on July 8, the day after the Thanksgiving Service in Westminster Abbey for the King's recovery, but on the advice of the doctors it was postponed until after a further operation. On August 24 their Majesties drove in their car from Buckingham Palace, and, as it was the first time that Londoners had had an opportunity of seeing the King since the Thanksgiving, they could not resist coming to give him a hearty "send-off," despite an official request that there should be no crowds formed along the route.

At King's Cross also there was a throng around the car, and, as the Royal train was on its way to Wolferton, people gathered at various points along the line to wave greetings. But the King received his greatest welcome of the day on his arrival at Sandringham, which the people of the countryside always regard as his "home." They flocked from all the neighbourhood to see him drive along the two miles of road from Wolferton Station, and, as the sides of the car were made almost entirely of glass, they got a good view of the occupants. There was an especially enthusiastic gathering as the King and Queen drove through the gates. The next morning (Sunday) his Majesty was able to walk to church.

NEW RELICS OF THE WORLD'S EARLIEST CIVILISATION (ABOUT 3500 B.C.): DISCOVERIES AT KISH.



COPPER WEAPONS AND IMPLEMENTS OVER 5000 YEARS OLD: A SPEAR-HEAD, DAGGER, SPOON, AND OTHER OBJECTS—FROM THE SAME GRAVE. AS THE TOY CHARIOT (FIG. 5).



A PAINTED SUMERIAN HEAD DISCOVERED IN VIRGIN SOIL AT A DEPTH OF 60 FT.: PRESUMABLY THE HEAD OF A FIGURE MADE IN SOME OTHER MATERIAL OF A MORE PERISHABLE KIND.



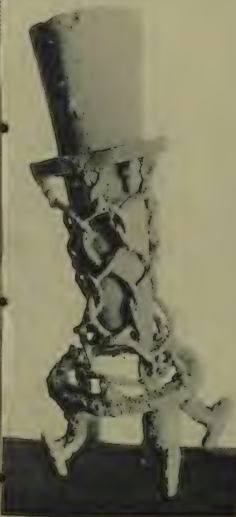
THE FINE ART OF THE SUMERIAN COPPERSMITH IN THE FOURTH MILLENNIUM BEFORE CHRIST: A BOWL AND VESSEL OF COPPER DATING FROM ABOUT 3500 B.C., RECENTLY FOUND AT KISH.



TREASURES FROM A SUMERIAN WOMAN'S TOILET-TABLE: COPPER MIRRORS AND NECKLACES, WITH SHELL LAMPS (WHOSE WICKS FLOATED IN OIL) SIMILAR TO SOME FOUND AT UR.



ONCE PERHAPS A TREASURED POSSESSION OF SOME SUMERIAN CHILD WHO PLAYED WITH IT SEVERAL THOUSAND YEARS AGO: A TOY CHARIOTER IN A CHARIOT DRAWN BY SIX ASSES OR MULES (HORSES BEING UNKNOWN IN THE EARLY PERIOD)—AN INTERESTING CONTRAST TO THE MOSAIC "STANDARD" FROM UR WITH A QUADRIGA CHARIOT TEAM, THE ANIMALS YOKED FOUR ABREAST.



PROBABLY THE DRINKING-CUP OF AN EXALTED PERSONAGE, OR AN ALTAR VESSEL: A STONE CUP IN A COPPER SUPPORT (C. 3500 B.C.).



ANIMAL SCULPTURE IN ANCIENT SUMERIAN ART? A CURIOUS OBJECT, BELIEVED TO REPRESENT A FISH, WITH DORSAL AND VENTRAL FINS, CARVED FROM A BLOCK OF SANDSTONE.

We illustrate here some of the latest discoveries made by the joint expedition of the Field Museum, Chicago, and Oxford University, to Mesopotamia, financed by Captain Marshall Field. "This expedition," writes a correspondent who sends us the photographs, "has concluded another successful season of excavation on the site of the earliest civilisation in the world—the ancient city of Kish, in Mesopotamia—and has unearthed many remarkable objects. According to ancient texts, Kish was the first city to be founded after the Flood mentioned in the Bible. The expedition reached a total depth of sixty feet below the original surface of the mound, and for the first time reached virgin soil in Mesopotamia. In the lowest levels many beautiful copper objects and bone implements were found, all dating from the period about 3500 B.C. The expedition is under the direction of Professor S. Langdon, of Oxford University, who employs as his field-director Mr. L. Chas. Watelin." Previous discoveries at Kish have often been illustrated in our pages. Results of the sixth season's work, for example, appeared in our issue

of June 2, 1928. Professor Langdon then wrote (in the "Times"):

"The expedition first exposed the ruins of the temple of the Sargonic period, circa 2700 B.C., to a depth of 25 ft., after which they came upon a sterile stratum, 7 ft. thick, reaching a continuous red earth stratum, 5 ft. thick, which represents the Sumerian *temenos* platform on which the great temples were placed about 3000 B.C. Beneath this level . . . the excavators came upon brick-vaulted tombs . . . just above the virgin soil of the time when this city, said to have been the first capital of Sumer after the Flood, was founded. . . . In two of the tombs were found four-wheeled and two-wheeled chariots with the bodies of four oxen which drew them. The oxen were slain to accompany the owner to the lower world, and apparently his servants perished with him. . . . The age to which the vaulted brick tombs belong is to be dated before 4000 B.C. . . . The ruins of this most ancient capital are enormous, and are continuous from 30 ft. below plain level up to the age of Nebuchadnezzar and Darius."

Notes for the Novel-Reader: Fiction of the Month.

WITTY books are always welcome and never too plentiful. By good fortune, there are several to be recommended this month. Hilaire Belloc and G. K. Chesterton reappear in their author-artist combination. "The Missing Masterpiece"

(Arrowsmith; 7s. 6d.) is the diverting study of a robber-baron of the present age and his seedy band of lesser rogues. As an art-dealer, the frantic rivalry of the new and very, very rich was his opportunity. A Futurist painter, poor fellow, had perished in obscurity, leaving behind him one of those enigmatic gems of art that are enigmatic no matter which side hangs uppermost. The robber-baron endowed him with posthumous fame, for strictly business purposes, and dangled the masterpiece before two fierce social rivals. But it so happened that there was not one masterpiece, but three; and no one knew

once forgotten but now remembered." There are faults in "Frolic Wind"; but it is quite out of the common run, and its tilt against the humbugs is a triumphant onslaught. We shall hear of Mr. Oke again.

Gilbert Frankau deals cruelly with a *gigolo* in "Dance, Little Gentleman!" (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d.). It makes uneasy reading, partly because of the used-up atmosphere of dance-halls and night-clubs, and partly because not a spark of decency or manliness is to be found in the wretched Henry St. Aubin. However, since there are St. Aubins, "Dance, Little Gentleman!" may serve a salutary purpose. The women he adheres to are the fat women, the fatuous, who are able to support him comfortably. The chorus girl who loved St. Aubin honestly is deserted; the others usurp her place. There is less humour than satire in Mr. Frankau's novel. The re-publication of Heinrich Mann's "Berlin" (Gollancz; 7s. 6d.) should be read, even in a translation that leaves a good deal to be desired.

It is one of the greatest demonstrations of his power in irony. It belongs to the school of Zola, and Zola was a living leader when Mann began to write. "Berlin" follows the career of a young journalist who is plunged into the decadent bourgeoisie society of the Berlin of its period. Heinrich Mann poured a wealth of material into it, and nine-and-twenty years have not diminished its force or staled its explicit realism.

Carefully arranged. Miss Lilly's country house is American, but so redolent of old-world charm and so fully equipped with sliding panels and skeletons buried under oak-trees that it might be English Tudor. "The Valley of Enchantment" makes pictorial use of the Egyptian desert and the eerie surprises of excavation among the tombs. A Rhodes novel can always be depended upon for a good round love-story, and this one, fortunately enough, does not deviate from type.



MR. W. B. TRITES,
Author of "Paterfamilias."

the copies from the original. With which the fun waxes fast and furious. Mr. Belloc frolics in the text, and Mr. Chesterton rollicks in the illustrations. Chester-Belloc, in fact, is again irresistible.

E. V. Lucas's "Windfall's Eve" (Methuen; 7s. 6d.), lamb-like in its humour, is a most engaging book. Richard, the middle-aged winner of the Calcutta Sweep, tells his own story, rambling gently and revealing himself as a lovable hedonist. He enjoys his luck, and he shares it among his friends and neighbours, with a tolerant perspicacity. A genial nature, Mr. Lucas demonstrates, will not only survive the shock of unearned wealth, it will expand, and flower in a second blooming. Denis Mackail's "Another Part of the Wood" (Hodder and Stoughton; 7s. 6d.) is more boisterous. Its heroine is Noodles, a young thing of eighteen, and very young at that. She is neglected by her guardian, and misunderstood by schoolmistresses, but she remains stubbornly cheerful, involving herself in the most frightful messes and being extricated from them. She has a brother, Beaky (in love with her friend, Sylvia), who provides the alternative complications. But, though pleasant, Beaky and his love are superfluous. One hurries past them, to return to Noodles. Mr. Mackail throws in a running entertainment—it would be unfair to call it padding—ranging from the vagaries of an elderly car ("Gertie") and the branch line local to the conventions of a finishing school.

"The Frolic Wind" (Gollancz; 7s. 6d.) is by Richard Oke. He is, we suppose, young; he must be. This is his first novel, and a wittily brilliant performance. He is all for modern youth, and he pits it against Victorian old age. The mouldering June ladies, decaying in their museum piece of a great country house, are admirably done. To avoid scandal, the Jeunes would stifle nature. Shame! cries Mr. Oke, derisively exposing the secret hearts of the house-party. A thunderstorm and a blast of witchcraft from the old house madden the party into confession. Better to be surprised, innocently naked, in the lily-pond at midnight, as Dympna and Charlecote were, than to lurk in the obscene seclusion of Lady Athaliah's tower. Charlecote and Dympna have no festering inhibitions, and they discover themselves to be the eternal lovers, "alone with a story



MISS KATHLYN RHODES,
Author of "The Valley of Enchantment."



MISS EVELYN D. SCOTT,
Author of "The Wave."

"The Wave," by Evelyn D. Scott, demands a paragraph to itself, and a paragraph is absurdly inadequate. It is an episodic narrative of the American Civil War, with the individual experiences in chronological succession, but unrelated except for the common oppression of the war. All the way from Bull Run to Appomattox Courthouse, through over six hundred closely printed pages, the men and women, Northern and Southern, White and Negro, young and old, defile in a bewildered, anguished procession. It is a monument of painstaking. It is also the feminine vision of Miss Scott, vivid, but almost hysterically intense. The phraseology is awkward. "Some unutterable relinquishment of motion," "acceding reluctantly to her habitual domineering," and so on, do not help to clarify the fog of war. Behind her pacifist intentions, Miss Scott's nationalism can be heard and felt, recalling Americans from recent European memories to the spectacle of their own ordeal.

W. B. Trites on Main Street, in "Paterfamilias" (Gollancz; 7s. 6d.), is not the W. B. Trites of "The Gypsy," but he is equally well

worth reading. To begin with, he is dealing with the bad old days before the Eighteenth Amendment, and he has no illusions about them. But the drunkards are offset by the portrait of William Stanton, doctor and civil reformer, a noble figure, and by the difficulties that confront the citizens who have to get on or get out, and the citizenesses for whom divorce has been too lightly come by. A fine novel, with a moral—with several morals—and with much knowledge of human nature,

is "Paterfamilias." "Devil's Drum" (Murray; 7s. 6d.) is a Cornish mystery, by Lord Gorell, who engages the rocks and tides romantically, to convict a murderer.



MISS ELIZABETH BOWEN,
Author of "Joining Charles."

The women's books this month include something of all sorts, from the gentle comedy of "Duchess Laura" (Ward, Lock; 7s. 6d.), to the terrific earnestness of "The Wave" (Cape; 15s.). Mrs.

LORD GORELL,
Author of "Devil's Drum."

Belloc Lowndes has left mysterious murders for the moment; and when her Duchess, a charming lady, makes contact with crime it is to forgive and rehabilitate the criminal. The "certain days" of the Duchess's life are the eventful ones in years of happy marriage. Elizabeth Bowen's "Joining Charles" (Constable; 7s. 6d.) is a collection of short stories. They are clever, thought-provoking, and tantalising because there is so much in Miss Bowen that she holds just beyond one's reach. She is as elusive as the ghost in "Foothold," which is one of the subtlest of her studies of character. Thomas's reflection from the big armchair illustrates her method. "I've a theory that absolute comfort runs round the circle to the same point as asceticism. It wears the material veil pretty thin." And, having stimulated your perception so far, Miss Bowen smiles mysteriously, and glides on. "The Seven Sisters" (Dent; 7s. 6d.), by Jean Lilly, and "The Valley of Enchantment" (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d.), by Kathlyn Rhodes, are sensational romances, with the appropriate atmosphere



MR. RICHARD OKE,
Author of "The Frolic Wind."

OLD FOES AND NEW WAR DEVICES: BRITISH AND GERMAN FIELD TRAINING.



A NEW TYPE OF PONTOON BRIDGE, ON FOLDING BOATS, IN USE DURING THE CAVALRY TRAINING EXERCISES: A LORRY CROSSING THE BASINGSTOKE CANAL ON THE STRUCTURE BUILT BY THE ROYAL ENGINEERS, BENEATH AN OVER-HEAD SCREEN FOR CONCEALMENT FROM ENEMY AIRCRAFT.



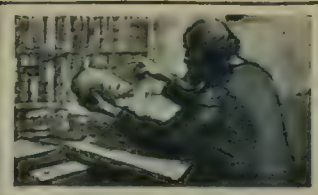
A GERMAN EXPERIMENT IN SMOKE-SCREENS FOR LAND WARFARE: REICHSWEHR TROOPS CROSSING THE ELBE ON A PONTOON BRIDGE, DURING MANOEUVRES NEAR MAGDEBURG—SHOWING THE EMISSION OF THE SMOKE-SCREEN (EFFECTIVELY BLINDING OBSERVATION FROM THE AIR).

Some interesting points of comparison between British and German military training occur in these two photographs. The upper one was taken, on August 21, during the Cavalry Exercises near Aldershot. The scheme of operations assumed that the 1st Cavalry Brigade would cover the retirement of a division across the Basingstoke Canal, by means of a temporary bridge erected by No. 1 Troop of the 1st Field Squadron, Royal Engineers. The bridge was a military adaptation of the folding-boat type, used at Southampton and elsewhere for commercial purposes, and consists of a "duck-board" superstructure carried on two small folding pontoons. Several 30-cwt. six-wheeled loaded lorries passed over it safely. It might be modified for

the use of cavalry. The whole structure, including the pontoons, folded flat, can be dismantled and packed in a lorry within ten minutes.—The lower photograph illustrates training exercises of the German Reichswehr recently carried out near Magdeburg. It was decided to try the experiment of an extensive smoke-screen to cover the construction of a temporary bridge across the Elbe. The smoke was accordingly set up for some distance along the river bank, and spread over the area in a thick cloud, effectively blinding observation by aircraft. Under its cover the bridge was built and the troops were brought across. Incidentally, the smoke dispersed thousands of spectators.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



THE PASSING OF A GREAT NATURALIST.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

On the lamented death of Sir Ray Lankester, we gave a portrait of him, with a commemorative note, in a recent issue. We have no hesitation, however, in supplementing this with the following personal appreciation by Mr. Pycraft, late as it is from a newspaper point of view.

"LET us now praise Famous Men." There has just passed from among us, in Sir Ray Lankester, one of the greatest biologists of his time: and he has left an unfilled void. Some might think that his achievements, great though they may have been, are such as concern only university professors and other learned men. But this is by no means true. For he did much more for the spread of knowledge in all that concerns living things than is generally realised: inasmuch as he was not only a brilliant investigator, but he shared with his friend Huxley the rare gift of expounding the most abstruse problems with singular felicity, so that the multitude could enjoy to the full the feasts that he provided for them. By way of example I would cite those wonderful articles he wrote for the *Daily Telegraph* some years ago, as well as on occasion in *The Illustrated London News*. He was a great believer in "Science for the People," contending that the more clearly the processes of life were understood, the more readily men would come to understand their own place in the universe of living things—an insight more precious and more uplifting than most people imagine.

I write of him now not as by hearsay, but as one who knew him well. For it was my great good fortune to serve under him for six memorable years at Oxford, where he was the Linacre Professor of Comparative Anatomy, and for the ten years of his Directorship of the British Museum of Natural History; and it was my privilege to keep in touch with him almost up to the day of his death, for

brilliant. He threw the conceptions of his time, so to speak, into the melting-pot, dissolved out the crudities and misinterpretations by which his pre-

A most charming summary of his research on the tunicates, or "sea-squirts," he presented in the form of one of his Evening Lectures at the Sheffield meeting of the British Association in 1879. It was a model of what such a lecture should be—in reading it one is reminded of Huxley at his best—and he was a past-master in the art of presenting new knowledge. His drawings showing the strange stages of degeneration undergone by some of the tunicates, or "sea-squirts," wherein, from a promising beginning as one of the vertebrates, the youngster gradually becomes transformed into the shapeless bag of jelly, are given in Fig. 2.

He made some pungent criticism of our examination system for university degrees in regard to biology. The attitude forced by this system "on pupil and teacher," he contended, "is most pernicious to the intellectual development of the student, and to the teacher almost unbearable." His fine Presidential address to the biological section of the British Association at Southport in 1883 can still be read with profit by all who desire to further the diffusion of knowledge in regard to the problems of life.

There stands a permanent monument to his memory in the Marine Biological Laboratory at Plymouth, of which he was the founder. His ideal, which has been abundantly fulfilled, was the establishment of a laboratory for the production of new knowledge with regard to food-fishes. It was opened in the year 1888. Huxley was its first president, and King Edward (then the Prince of Wales) was its patron. In this brief space it has been impossible to do more than indicate the debt that we owe to a truly great man. Sir Ray Lankester, indeed, made of his five talents, ten: the joy of achievement was his, the increment of that achievement is ours.

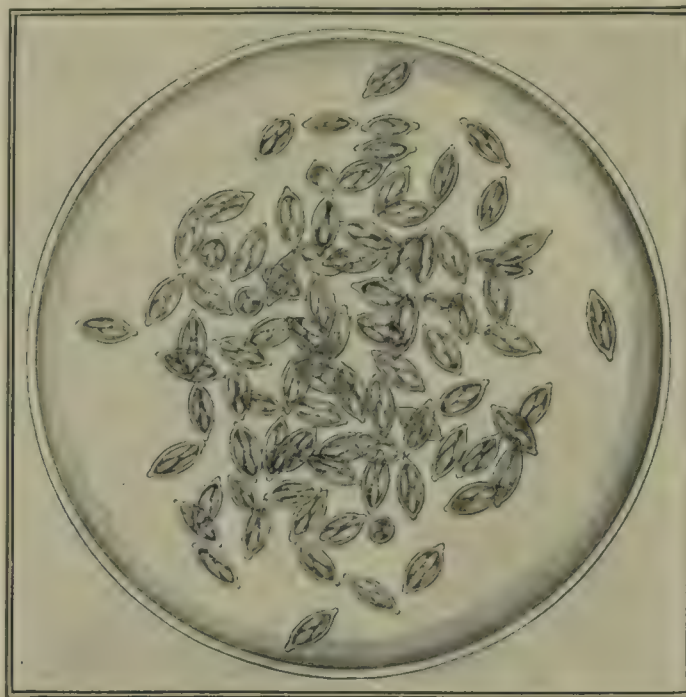


FIG. 1. AN EARLY DRAWING BY SIR RAY LANKESTER: A CYST CONTAINING PARASITES KNOWN AS "GREGARINES."

These cysts and their enclosed parasites are found in earth-worms. The late Sir Ray Lankester's first scientific paper, written when he was sixteen, was on the anatomy of the earth-worm. This is one of his drawings.

decessors had obscured the component parts, and presented them again in a new setting destined to satisfy generations yet unborn. His masterly treatises written for the ninth edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," on the Protozoa, the Hydrozoa, the Mollusca, and the Tunicates, or "Sea-squirts," afford cases in point.

As touching the Protozoa he suggested that we should regard the "Slime-fungi," or Mycetozoa, as the most primitive of living organisms, rather than the Amœba, as is generally done—a suggestion which has not received the attention it deserves. He was the first to determine the true nature of that strange creature the king-crab, or limulus, showing, in a wonderful monograph, that it was really an arachnid—that is to say, one of the spider group—rather than one of the Crustacea, among which his contemporaries had placed it.

He also made most important discoveries in regard to that rare and unfamiliar animal, "Rhabdopleura," but they are of too technical a character for description here. His enthusiasm for his beloved science was indeed manifested while he was taking part in a dredging trip in a Norwegian fjord, for the purpose of collecting material for his investigations on this animal. For he was a bad sailor, and was lying in a state of extreme distress, owing to the rolling of the vessel,

when the contents of the dredge were brought to his side and emptied on deck. In a moment he was on his feet, hunting, as a digger hunts for gold, among the débris brought up. At last, on a fragment of coral, he found what he wanted, and there, and then made drawings and sketches of the living creature, so as to make sure not only of its shape but of its colouring.

The accompanying photograph of this strange animal (Fig. 3) is given here by way of showing his skill as an artist. In his moments of leisure, by way of a change, he would paint the most delightful landscapes.

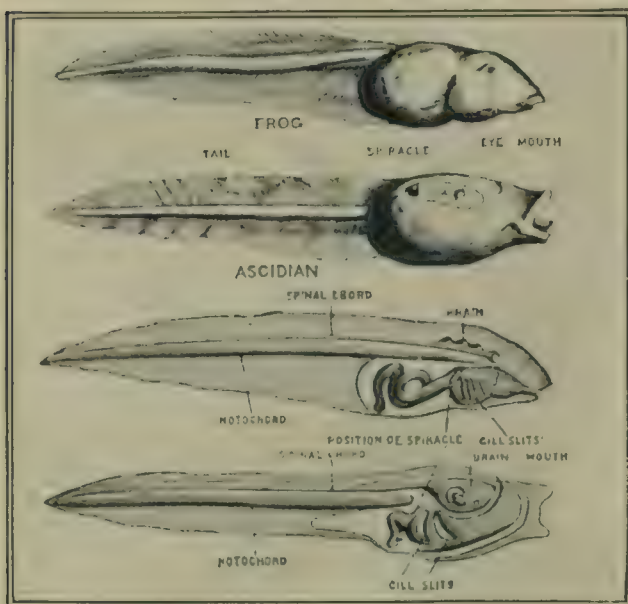


FIG. 2. STAGES IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF AN ASCIDIAN, OR "SEA-SQUIRT": A DRAWING BY THE LATE SIR RAY LANKESTER. Some of the Ascidiæ develop from the egg into a tadpole-like animal. Then, anchoring themselves to a piece of rock, they rapidly lose the tail, and assume a bag-like form, with a tough outer skin. They are to be found in rock-pools, and when handled squirt out water, hence the name 'sea-squirt.' Sir Ray Lankester's drawing shows a tadpole and an ascidian compared. The upper figures are of the whole animal, the lower as seen in section, showing that each has the same plan of structure before the degeneration begins.

during the last few weeks he was too weak to receive visitors.

His lectures to those who were taking the Honours Morphology course at Oxford were marvels of exposition. I have but to shut my eyes to see and hear him still. He had the knack of divesting the most complex anatomical facts of all their technicalities, so that, aided by his wonderful blackboard sketches, the dry bones of science leaped into life.

But he was not only a great teacher: he was also, as I have said, a great investigator. His researches covered a tremendously wide field. His discoveries were many, and his generalisations in regard to groups already supposed to be well known were

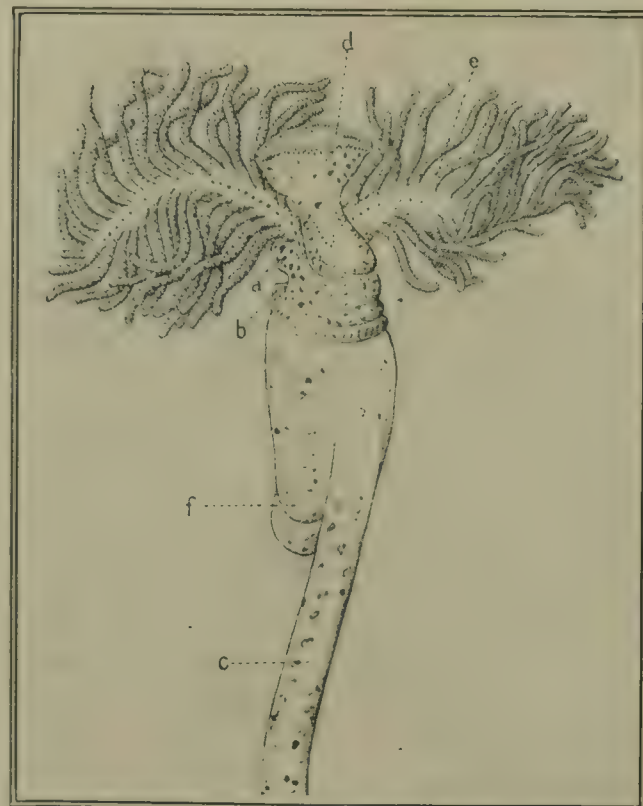


FIG. 3. AN EXAMPLE OF THE LATE SIR RAY LANKESTER'S SKILL AS AN ARTIST: HIS DRAWING OF THE HEAD OF A RHABDOPLEURA.

This animal, one of the Polyzoa, or "Moss-animals," lives in colonies sharing a common digestive cavity and protected by a branching, tubular sheath. The main body of each member of the colony projects from a separate short tube, and uses its tentacles for the capture of food. This drawing was made by the late Sir Ray Lankester on a Norwegian fjord.

A Bird Whose "Red Stockings" the Peacock Coveted: The Chough.

FROM THE DRAWING BY J. A. SHEPHERD (COPYRIGHTED).



NOWADAYS NEARLY EXTINCT: THE CORNISH CHOUGH, "WITH A BEAK OF SEALING-WAX RED, AND SCARLET LEGS."

That well-known animal artist, Mr. J. A. Shepherd, who is a past-master at expressing the comic spirit in beast or bird, has here caught very happily the characteristics of the chough, a bird usually associated with Cornwall, but now almost extinct there, largely through the depredations of egg-collectors. It has been described as "the crow with a beak of sealing-wax red and scarlet legs." In a note on his

drawing, Mr. Shepherd writes: "The only reference in fable to this bird is the story of the peacock that wished to exchange his own dowdy legs for the chough's red stockings. No bird has suggested swapping beaks. The corvine family—raven, crow, rook, jackdaw, magpie—possess the gift of humour, but it must be hard for their kinsman, the chough, to 'keep smiling' with that ridiculous beak."

In the Actual Colours of the Natural Brownish Rock and its Slate-Blue Interior: A Prehistoric Masterpiece.



"AN OUTSTANDING MONUMENT IN THE HISTORY OF SCULPTURE"—HAMMERED INTO A SLAB OF BASALTIC ROCK: THE WORLD-FAMOUS SOUTH AFRICAN BAS-RELIEF OF A WHITE RHINOCEROS, WITH A SWARM OF ATTENDANT TICK-BIRDS, FASHIONED, MORE PROBABLY, 50,000 THAN 25,000 YEARS AGO, BY A SCULPTOR OF THE STONE AGE.

Our readers will remember the double-page reproduction (in black-and-white) of the above petroglyph of a white rhinoceros given in our issue of July 14, 1928. This unique relic, on exhibition at the Transvaal Museum, Pretoria, has, ever since we first published the photograph, aroused an unusual but well-deserved interest. A view of the complete monument and other fine illustrations from the former art centre of these remarkable Neanthropic craftsmen in the Western Transvaal have now reached us. An excellent opportunity for comparison of the natural animal with this most ancient of sculptures was offered by the splendid photograph of a live rhinoceros, taken, west of the Nile, by Mr. P. C. R. Senhouse, which appeared in our number for November 17 last. We are glad to be the first to cite Mr. Herbert Lang's more extensive notes on this great work of prehistoric art. "The present picture (he writes) represents the top slice of a rock several tons in weight; this slab measures 47 inches in length, while the rhinoceros, from tip of tail to foremost edge of horn, is 24½ inches long, and at the withers, 12½ inches. During the many thousands of years since its completion, sand had covered the secret hammered upon its surface. An exceptional rainstorm caused a heavy wash-out in the depression where an age-old game trail passed between two kopjes. After the tempest, Mr. F. O. Noome, of the Transvaal Museum staff, happened to notice traces of sculpture upon a newly exposed boulder in a horizontal position, and had it immediately cleared. Thus was discovered this unexampled art treasure, near Schweizer Renske. In the early period of the second Palaeolithic era, when the majority of primitive men were still struggling to produce rude outlines of mystic objects, a South African 'Vootrekter' had already mastered the essential concepts of art. Whatever may be the hidden meaning of this white rhinoceros (*Cratichneumon sinum*), carved into imperishably hard, volcanic rock, as a brilliant achievement it overshadows anything previously known. By virtue of its great antiquity and superb artistic qualities South Africa becomes the birthplace of real art. No finer page could be clipped out of nature's grand volume than this truculent rhinoceros, endeavouring to remove some of the all-too-many tick-birds (*Buphagus africanus*) that seem to annoy it. In small flocks they are generally welcome friends. As well-nigh matchless guardians of these unwary monsters they flutter up and announce by short, shrill

notes the coming of danger. A still greater service they perform by disposing of the troublesome ticks about the softer wrinkles of the hide. To select for his masterpiece an exceptionally large, smoothly weathered slab and exactly fit his design to it, shows such foresight and ripe experience as might be expected of this talented and keen observer. To him the harmony of well-balanced proportions, and realistic motion, presented no riddles. Equally remarkable were his patience and perseverance in uniformly sculpturing, by an intaglio process, such careful details upon a stone of metal-like hardness. How many decisive actions are blended into this unconscious thrill of alarm and speed? The head tossed high, ears cocked, lips wrinkled, tail in the air, two limbs in ambling swing and the others supporting the two-ton body weight, seem all to breathe exultant life. Unrivalled skill has added those points that make this South African petroglyph an outstanding monument in the history of sculpture. The realism of texture of the hide and the marking of significant features by a few clear-cut lines contribute much to its fine plastic appearance. Wonderfully expressive is the skilful use of bold, almost 'futuristic' chipping for some of the tick-birds shaken off from the head and limbs. To accentuate thus their swifter motion and let others cling to the back of the trotting rhinoceros in characteristic positions, shows the touch of genius. Even in the famous exhibitions of modern art, so unique a piece would command attention. As a foundation stone, engraved with the unalterable promise of the forward march of humanity, it will always remain a priceless relic from bygone times. Considering this Stone Age man's pride in accuracy and beauty, have we progressed so much in these many thousand years? What an achievement, when the tools consisted only of sharp edges of splintered rock! What patience, when, at almost every hit, the sharpness of the stone tools turned to dust again and again! Imagine how, with each chip, the artist forced away more of the brownish, well-weathered outer coat, till finally the slate-blue inner tint of this bas-relief gave real emphasis to his design. The Government has lately given definite assurances to the people of Natal to preserve strictly the last remaining twenty South African white rhinoceroses. Visitors to South Africa will thus be enabled to compare the living specimens in Zululand with the monument left by the famous artists of the Stone Age in the Transvaal."

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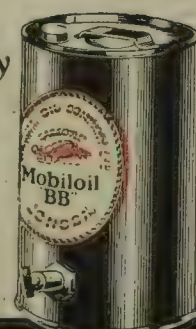
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2. A 74-GUN SHIP OF THE LINE, NELSON PERIOD: A PRISONER-OF-WAR MODEL, IN BONE, OF THE HIGHEST QUALITY IN DETAIL AND WORKMANSHIP.



3. THE SAME MODEL AS SEEN IN NO. 2: A THREE-QUARTER VIEW OF THE "SEVENTY-FOUR," SHOWING THE STERN, AND PORT-SIDE GUNS.



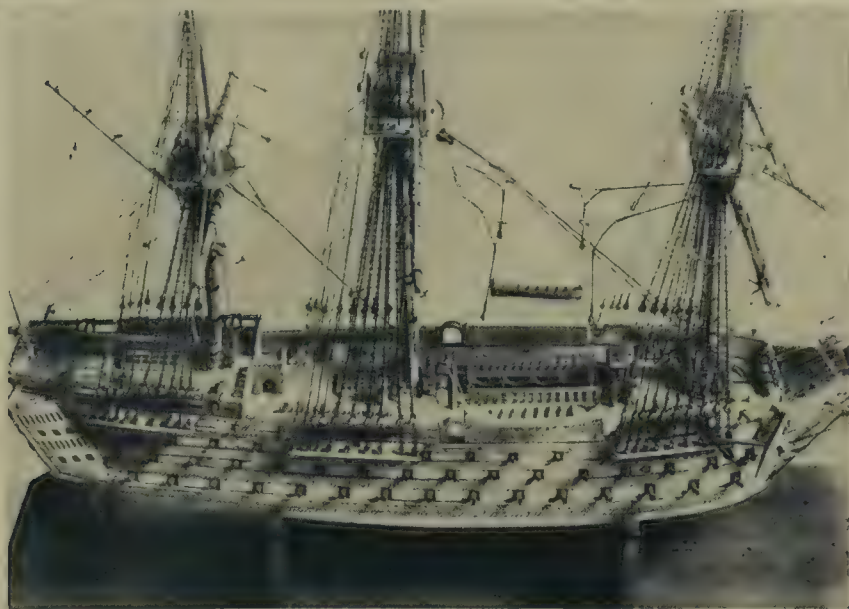
4. A TRADING AND PASSENGER CUTTER, OR HOY, ABOUT 1730 TO 1800: A FINE AND EXTREMELY RARE MODEL OF THIS TYPE OF VESSEL.



5. THE STERN OF A MAN-O'-WAR (NELSON'S TIME), BELIEVED TO BE THE "MARS": A BONE MODEL BY FRENCH PRISONERS.



6. SHIPS OF THE LINE ONLY THREE INCHES LONG! A GROUP FASHIONED ON A TINY SCALE IN WOOD—ON A CIRCULAR BOX FIVE INCHES IN DIAMETER.



7. THE BOW AND FIGUREHEAD OF THE SAME SHIP SHOWN IN FIG. 5: DETAIL OF THE MODEL MAN-O'-WAR MADE BY FRENCH PRISONERS OF WAR AT DARTMOOR.



8. THE MODEL SHOWN IN 5 AND 7: A GIFT FROM FRENCH PRISONERS TO GENERAL BROUGHTON, GOVERNOR OF DARTMOOR PRISON.

The charm of the ship-model continues to fascinate collectors, and the art-loving public in general. We illustrate here some beautiful specimens from the third annual exhibition of ship-models now open at the Sporting Gallery, 32, King Street, Covent Garden. This year's collection is notable for several very fine examples of "bone ships"—i.e., the exquisite models of battle-ships and frigates of the Trafalgar era, wrought in bone by Napoleonic prisoners-of-war. One (shown in Figs. 2 and 3) is regarded as perhaps unique in the superb quality and finish of its workmanship, and also for the exceeding truth and beauty of its lines. The other (Figs. 5, 7, and 8) shows the highly ornate carving with which some of the more elaborate

models, intended for presentation, were enriched. This model was presented by prisoners interned at Dartmoor to the Governor of that prison, General Broughton, as a mark of esteem. Also the work of prisoners-of-war is the fascinating group (Fig. 6) of two ships of the line, one with sails set, on a minute scale. A very fine contemporary model of a trading and passenger cutter, or hoy, is seen in Fig. 4, which shows how our forefathers fared at sea in the days of the stage coach on land. In this connection we recall Charles Lamb's essay on "The old Margate Hoy." A picturesque piece of great decorative value is a model by Mr. Frank H. Mason, of a Dutch Arctic whaler of the eighteenth century (Fig. 1).

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

JUST lately, two events have turned the public mind back to those years of "loud war by land and sea," whose echoes will reverberate until the end of time. One was the death of Lord Horne, and the other the controversy over the statue of Lord Haig.

On the artistic dispute between symbolism and representation, no light is shed, of course, or can be looked for, in such a book as "SIR DOUGLAS HAIG'S COMMAND," December 19, 1915—November 11, 1918. By G. A. B. Dewar, assisted by Lieut.-Col. J. H. Boraston, C.B. With Maps (Constable; 21s.). It is a welcome reprint in one volume of a work which originally appeared, in two volumes, in 1922, and was hailed then, by high authorities, as the first full recognition of Lord Haig's military genius and his due share of credit for the final victory. It also

Army. . . . Many French and British leaders—soldiers and statesmen—did fine service throughout these colossal years; but . . . the British Commander-in-Chief was the most indispensable of them all."

Among Haig's "lieutenants," the late General Lord Horne receives a full meed of praise, especially in connection with the capture and defence of Vimy Ridge, which, in 1917, was attacked, contrary to the advice of General Nivelle, and "stormed by the gallant Canadian Corps under General Byng in General Horne's First Army." Later, in a table of "significant events hitherto suppressed or overlooked," it is recorded: "March 28, 1918. The 17th German Army attacks the British at Arras in order to capture Vimy, the Lorette spur, and other high ground of great importance. It receives a crushing defeat by our First Army magnificently organised under Horne." Elsewhere we read: "As Hindenburg and Ludendorff both admit, March 28, 1918, was an unfortunate day for Germany. The skill not only in the very fine counter-battery work of the First Army—perhaps the least advertised Army, though one of the best-led armies in the war—and the splendid conduct of the troops: the credit . . . can first be accorded to these. But is it certain the enemy would have been thrown back if we had not held Vimy Ridge?"

The war presents a vast forest of facts, impressions, and arguments, which no one mind can grasp in their totality. It meant different things to the statesman, the soldier, and the civilian, and no two among the many millions who fought in it had exactly the same experiences. Even within the Army there were deep contrasts, as between the work of the Staff and that of the men in the trenches. It is very interesting, therefore, to turn from a book on high strategy to personal reminiscences of actual fighting, such as "A SUBALTERN'S WAR": Somme, 1916—Ypres, 1917. By Charles Edmonds. With Illustrations from Official Photographs (Peter Davies; 7s. 6d.). The book is further described, in a sub-title, as "A Memoir of the Great War from the point of view of a romantic young man, with candid accounts of two particular battles, written shortly after they occurred, and an essay on militarism."

The two accounts of battle stories were written without thought of publication. "I have decided to offer them to the public (the author says) because no war book written now, ten or fifteen years after the event, can secure the authenticity attaching to these two stories. . . . They are simply records of everything I could recall. . . . I wrote down what remained in my mind, adding nothing, omitting nothing, and trying to rid myself alike of modesty and shame." That he had little cause for shame may be gathered from the statement (at the end of the chapter entitled "Third Ypres"): "For my part in this battle I was given a Military Cross and a Captaincy. I had expected a court-martial."

During the war one read many extracts from private letters from men on service, relating their experiences, but naturally they were subject to censorship, and as a rule were purely objective descriptions, without much character interest. This book likewise is objective enough, in its vivid pictures of death in ghastly forms and all the dirt and discomfort of trench life; but its chief value lies in its candid self-revelation, both by the author and his comrades. He shows us the extremes of fear and courage, and also that priceless sense of humour which was the British soldier's mainstay.

In his concluding Epilogue, an essay on militarism, also deeply interesting as an exposition of the fighting-man's philosophy, Captain "Edmonds" discusses the ethics of war, and its prevention. While he rather leaves out of account the griefs and anxieties of the folks at home, he gives the impression that, to the soldier, war is not as bad as it seems. "Men," he reminds us, "like adventures": and "to die young is by no means an unmitigated misfortune." As for "the mud and the cold, the filth and the disease," "What in the world (he asks) do such things matter?" He criticises "the literary fashion in war books set in 1917 by M. Henri Barbusse," and discusses various others, including C. E. Montague's "Disenchantment," Remarque's "All Quiet on the Western Front," and "Mr. Britling Sees It Through," which, he says, "ought to have been called 'Mr. Wells Does Not See It Through.'"

The present work belongs to a new fashion in war books, and is one of its best examples. The men who served are now, after long silence, beginning to disclose their thoughts.

For the author himself, 1919

was the maddest year of all. "This was the moment of disenchantment. The spell which had bound us for such a long time was broken; the charm failed; an illusion came crashing down and left us in an unfamiliar world. Our fairy gold was turned to dust and ashes."

Many of the men facing the enemy at the front, he declares, received the news of the Armistice "with cold indifference." What a contrast to the scenes of revelry—by night and day—in London, as described in one chapter of "THE CRATER OF MARS." By Ferdinand Tuohy (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.). Here a well-known war correspondent and Intelligence Officer (with whose recent tragic experience in the Pyrenees all must sympathise) has told in racy style the astonishing story of his adventures, as "possibly the one person to describe, by luck and circumstance, a complete circle round the conflict." Duty took him, during the four years, "to Brussels and Baghdad, Moscow and the Loire, to Ypres, Gaza, Salonika, Cairo, the Piave, Lapland, and Bombay, to Stockholm, Verona, Amiens, and Larissa, to Rome, Warsaw, Paris, Petrograd, Persia, the Alps, Taranto, and the San." Who else, indeed, can have had so comprehensive a view? During hostilities, of course, war correspondents were muzzled, and they have since revelled in the unwanted freedom to tell "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." From Mr. Tuohy, for instance, we learn many things that we were not allowed to know when they happened. Incidentally, he gives an interesting criticism of Lord Haig, in a chapter discussing who will live in history as the twelve most arresting (not necessarily best or greatest) figures of the war. Haig is omitted.

Included in this dozen is the dancer spy, Mata-Hari, executed by a French firing squad at Vincennes on Oct. 15, 1917. The story of her career, divested of legend but still sufficiently lurid, is told in the course of a fascinating history of her "dangerous trade," entitled "SPY AND COUNTER-SPY": The Development of Modern Espionage. By Richard W. Rowan (John Hamilton; 15s.). "One beguiling woman spy in the World War (we read) was credited by the French with having caused them the loss of sixteen transport and supply ships," an achievement "far more disastrous than the work of any one battleship."

Mention of battle-ships brings me to a book that seems, on the face of it, to represent war experiences in the

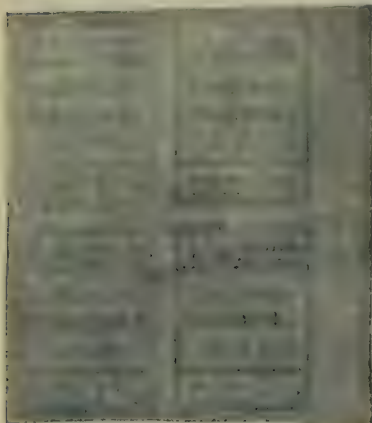


UNVEILING A BUST OF MARK TWAIN WHERE HE WROTE "ROUGHING IT," IN CALIFORNIA: TWO PROSPECTORS, WHO KNEW HIM, PERFORMING THE CEREMONY, AND (RIGHT) A BOY DRESSED AS HUCKLEBERRY FINN.

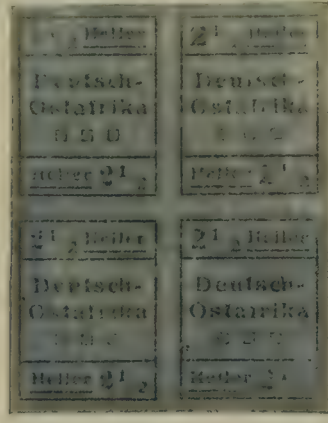
The fiftieth anniversary of Mark Twain's arrival at Mono Lake (in the high Sierras of California), where he wrote his book "Roughing It," was recently celebrated there by the unveiling of a memorial bust, the work of Carlo Romanelli. The ceremony was performed by two old acquaintances of Mark Twain—Mr. Dan Gius (on left in the photograph) and Mr. Fred Walker (right), while some of his famous characters, including Tom Sawyer, Betty Thatcher, and Huckleberry Finn, were impersonated by young people present.

Senior Service, namely, "THE PRIVATE OPINIONS OF A BRITISH BLUE-JACKET." Edited by Hamish MacLaren (Peter Davies; 6s.). This unique and priceless work—quite the most extraordinary thing I have ever met in print, and one of the most entertaining—cannot, however, be classed as a war diary, as it opens on March 8, 1927. Yet it has a connection with the war, as the author, William P. Taplow, was then an Ordinary Seaman in the

(Continued on page 398.)



A PHILATELIC WAR CURIO: FOUR GERMAN EAST AFRICA EMERGENCY STAMPS (7½ HELLER) PRINTED ON LOCALLY MADE FIBRE PAPER AND SHOWING CERTAIN DIFFERENCES OF FIGURE TYPE.



BRITTLE THROUGH FIVE YEARS' BURIAL: ANOTHER DENOMINATION (2½ HELLER) OF GERMAN EAST AFRICA EMERGENCY WAR STAMPS, WITH VARYING TYPES OF THE FIGURE 2.

The emergency war stamps of German East Africa were printed in 1916 by the Mission at Wuga, Wilhelmstal District, as the supply of postage stamps was almost exhausted. They were printed on paper made locally of native fibre by the Mission Society. Shortly afterwards the blockade runner S.S. "Marie" brought a fresh supply of Protectorate stamps from Berlin, and the emergency issue was suppressed. To prevent them falling into enemy hands, and to be able to utilise them, if desired, after the war, they were buried in a plantation near Morogoro in a cemented, subterranean drain. There they remained till 1921, when a few sheets were brought back to Germany. These war stamps consist of values 2½ and 7½ heller (100 in a sheet), and a Rp. 1 (120 in a sheet); rouletted, but not gummed. In the 2½ and 7½ heller issues, it is important to note that two different types were used for printing figures: in one the horizontal strokes are straight, in the other curved, as shown above in the figures 7 and 2. The Mission printing press did not possess enough uniform figure types to complete an entire sheet. Owing to their long interment beneath damp, tropical soil, some of these stamps arrived in Germany quite spoilt, while many others were too much damaged for philatelic purposes. The colour has somewhat faded, and the paper is so brittle that great care should be taken in handling them.

revealed the fact, previously obscured, that Foch's appointment as generalissimo was due to Haig's own urgent initiative. "We shall not know the whole truth," wrote one distinguished critic, "till Haig's own papers are published, but we here get a large instalment of it, and one which places the British Army and the British Commander-in-Chief upon the pedestals which they should long ago have occupied." What kind of an equestrian figure of Haig may eventually be set up on a visible pedestal is, perhaps, of less importance compared with the intangible monument of his fame.

If the book does not adjudicate on the sculptural problem, however, it at any rate portrays the type of character which the statue should express. "There was nothing in the nature of 'militarism' about the acts or attitude of Commander-in-Chief, Staff, Army Commanders. . . . In military history it would be impossible to find a leader of troops with less of the 'Alone I did it' spirit about him. . . . Arrogance was absent from that scene. Our leadership was inspired by a different quality—a steady confidence in the ultimate triumph of British soldiership and strategy in the west."

As to the strategy, the authors of this book speak with no uncertain voice. Discussing certain occasions when Haig's views prevailed against those of the French command, they write: "The discussion between the military leaders at Sarcus in August 1918 was one of the most momentous episodes in the history of Europe. And had not Haig then insisted on his own plan of breaking the German Army . . . the Allied cause would have suffered grievously." There is no disparagement of Marshal Foch. "But to pay full and hearty tribute to the Generalissimo . . . it was not necessary to leave unacknowledged the brilliant skill and foresight with which the British Commander-in-Chief and his Staff and Army Commanders thought out, and carried through, the whole of the series of battles from August 8 to November 11, 1918, which really broke the German centre and with it the German

THE FISH TRADE DISORGANISED BY FIRE: THE £250,000 BLAZE AT THE NEW HULL LANDING-STAGE.



THE BURNING OF THE NEW MARKET EXTENSION OF THE HULL FISH DOCK, WHICH WAS FINISHED LESS THAN A FORTNIGHT AGO: THE 1400-FOOT-LONG BUILDING ABLAZE.



AFTER THE FIRE, WHICH DISORGANISED THE FISH TRADE: THE BURNT-OUT EXTENSION; WITH GUTTED RAILWAY FISH-VANS, 150 OF WHICH WERE DESTROYED.

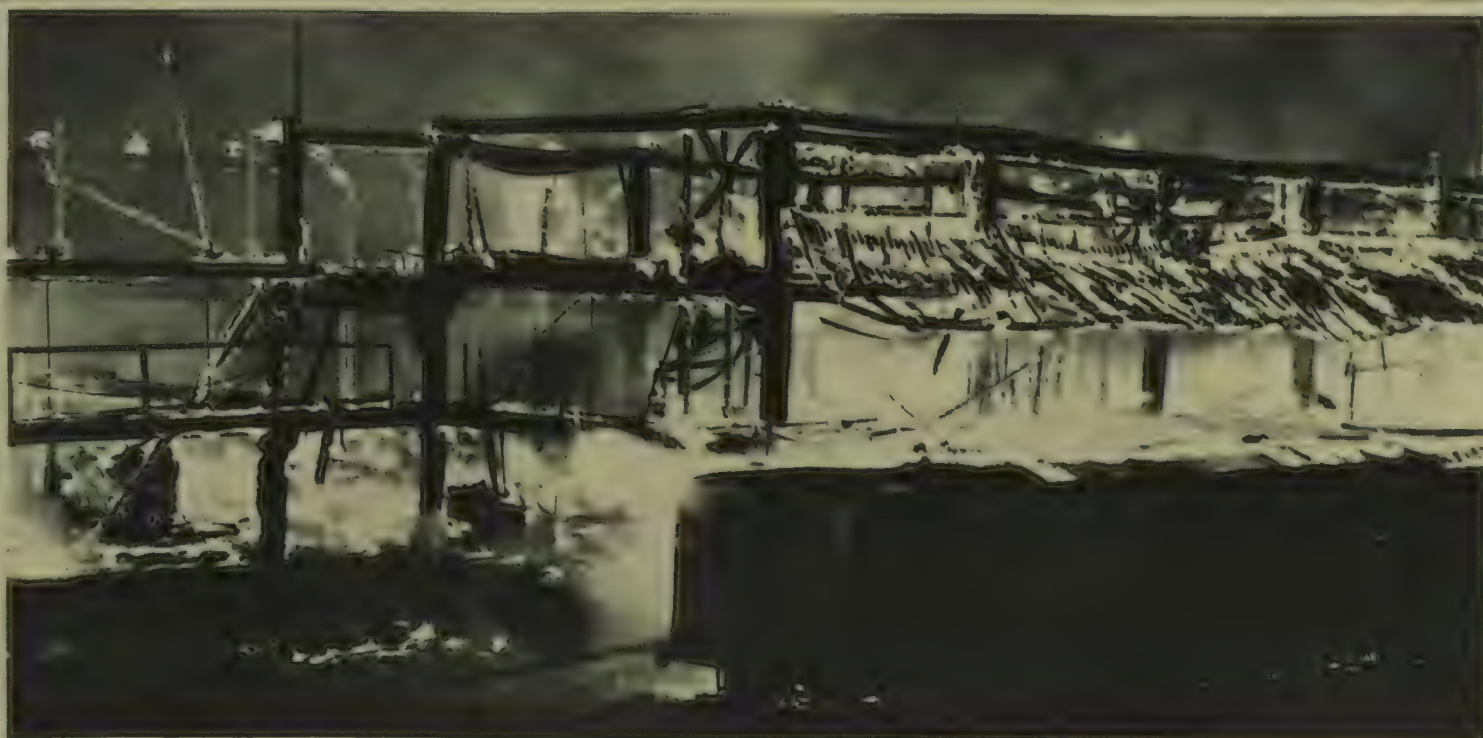


MASTS, WHEEL-HOUSES, CABINS, AND GEAR BURNT: THE DAMAGED STEAM TRAWLER "LORD DERAMORE," WHICH WAS ABLE TO LAND HER CATCH.



AFTER THE FIRE WHICH DID DAMAGE ESTIMATED AT £250,000: IN THE GUTTED FISH-MARKET EXTENSION, WHICH WAS 1400 FEET LONG AND 120 FEET BROAD.

THE
SPECTACULAR
SIDE OF THE
DISASTER:
THE
EERIE SCENE
AS THE
FLAMES
DEVOURED
THE BUILDING
AND THE
RAILWAY
FISH-VANS.



The new fish-market landing-stage of the Hull fish dock, which was finished less than a fortnight ago, at a cost of between £150,000 and £200,000, was destroyed by a fire which broke out on the night of August 25. At the same time, damage was done to steam trawlers, and about 150 railway fish-vans, which were standing empty on three tracks of railway-line alongside the landing-stage, and covered about a quarter of a mile of track, were gutted. The building of the fish-market extension itself measured 1400 feet long and 120 feet broad. By the landing-stage and the St. Andrew's dock basin, seven steam trawlers were moored. Burning

débris fell on to these and wrought considerable havoc, though, fortunately, this was confined chiefly to well above the water-line—to masts, wheel-houses, deck-gear, lifeboats, and cabins. The fish in the holds of these vessels was found to be almost undamaged; for the catch had been protected by the ice in the fish-rooms—a remarkable fact, considering the great heat about the ships. The disaster, it should be noted, was not only very serious in itself, but it disorganised the fish trade, and prices for fish rose considerably in consequence. It is estimated that the damage will be over, rather than under, £250,000.

MEMORABLE EVENTS AND PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PICTORIAL NOTES ON CURRENT OCCASIONS.



STOCKBROKING ON THE HIGH SEAS: THE DOOR OF AN AMERICAN FIRM'S OFFICES RECENTLY INSTALLED ABOARD THE U.S. LINER "LEVIATHAN". Stockbroking business is now done, during the Atlantic passage, on board the U.S. liner "Leviathan" and the Canadian "Boregata", in both of which ship offices were lately opened by Messrs. M. J. Meenan and Co., of the New York Stock Exchange. The innovation proved a great success on the first trip in the "Leviathan". The offices in the ships are connected with New York, by wireless. The service is to be extended this winter to the Canadian "Aquilana" and "Maritima". A similar office in the French liner, "Le de France", is conducted by Messrs. Saint-Fructe, Ltd.



THE BOY GOLF CHAMPION AFTER HIS VICTORY: JAMES LINDSAY BEING CHAIRCARRIED OFF THE FOURTEENTH GREEN (WHERE THE MATCH ENDED) ON THE RAMPTON COURSE. The final of the Boys' Golf Championship was played on August 24, on the course of the Edinburgh Burgess Society at Rampton. It was won by James Lindsay, of Falkirk Tryst, a Scottish schoolboy aged sixteen, who beat J. Scott-McLellan, of Duff House Royal, another Scottish competitor, by six holes up and four to play. The match finished on the fourteenth green, when the winner was "chaired".



A BRITISH TYPE OF MACHINE BUILT FOR THE SCHNEIDER TROPHY CONTEST: A GLOSTER-NAPIER SEAPLANE BEING EXAMINED FOR A FAULT THAT STOPPED HER FIRST TRIAL FLIGHT.



ITALY'S PREPARATIONS FOR THE SCHNEIDER TROPHY RACE: TWO ITALIAN PRACTICE MACHINES AT CALSHOT SEAPLANE STATION, SOUTHAMPTON WATER.



NIGHT WORK UNDER ARMED GUARD ON A BRITISH MACHINE FOR THE SCHNEIDER TROPHY RACE: THE SECOND SUPERMARINE ROLLS-ROYCE ("56") AND ITS DESIGNER, MR. R. J. MITCHELL (RIGHT), SEEN BY SEARCHLIGHT.

Owing to the tragic death of Captain Motta, second-in-command of the Italian Schneider Trophy team, who was killed during a trial flight in a new 1500-h.p. Macchi seaplane, it was uncertain whether Italy would compete. The Italians tried to have the race postponed, but were informed that, while every sympathy was felt for them, the date fixed (September 7) could not be altered. There was a report that Italy had withdrawn from the race, but on August 27 it was stated that "official intimation had been received. Later it was reported from Rome that Italy had decided to compete, and that the Italian pilots were leaving for England, while five machines were being sent over—two Macchi, two Savoia, and one Fiat. The United States did not renege this year, as Lt. W. Williams, the only American entrant, gave up hope of getting his seaplane, "Mercury," ready in time for the event.



DETECTIVE WORK IN PUBLIC VIEW: AN EXPERT EXAMINING THE SPOT WHERE A POLICEMAN WAS FOUND DYING AT GOLDERS GREEN.

On August 27 a laborer was charged with the manslaughter of Police-Constable John Self, who was found lying at the edge of the pavement in the Parade Golden Green, unconscious and injured in the head, late on the night of August 23. He died at midnight in hospital at Hendon. It was stated at the time that the constable was believed to have arrested a man suspected of carrying stolen property, and that in a struggle he had been knocked down, fracturing his skull on the foot.



CROSS-COUNTRY ATHLETICS: UPHILL WORK IN THE "GUIDES" RACE FOR BOYS

IN THE GRASMERE SPORTS, A FAMOUS LAKE-AND MEETING. The Grasmere Sports, a famous open-air athletic gathering in Lakeland, took place on August 22, in the presence of thousands of spectators, among whom was Lord Londale. The hills around the arena form a great natural amphitheatre, and the whole scene is highly picturesque. Our photograph shows the "Guides" race for boys under sixteen, which was won by F. Hutchinson, of Ulverston. Wrestling contests are an important feature of the meeting.



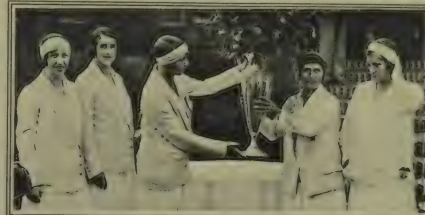
THE AMERICAN AMBASSADOR HAS SOME SPORT IN SCOTLAND: GENERAL DAWES (RIGHT)

SMOKING HIS FAMOUS PIPE, IN THE BUTTS ON LUDE MOOR. After his recent meeting with the Prime Minister at Louisa, General Dawes motored to Blair Atholl, Perthshire, to enjoy a few days' sport with an American party at a shooting-box. He was the guest of Mr. J. F. Harris, of New York, who had rented the shooting from the Duke of Atholl, General the keeper, Mr. A. Mackay (on the left), and his leader.



ITALIAN NAVAL CADETS VISITING ENGLAND IN A MODERN SAILING-SHIP SUGGESTING AN OLD-TIME MAN-O-WAR: THE "COLOMBO" AT GRAVESEND.

The Italian training squadron for naval cadets, during its usual summer cruise in foreign waters, recently visited this country, and arranged to leave on August 29 for Le Havre. The squadron, under Admiral Rota, consists of three ships—the two old armoured cruisers "Pisa" and "Piemonte", and the "Colombo", a new three-masted sailing ship built for the cadets at Leghorn, and fitted with electric propulsion. Above she is seen moored off Gravesend, where the officers and cadets became highly popular. Each day during the visit parties of some 200 cadets were taken round London.



AMERICA WINS BACK THE WIGHTMAN LAWN-TENNIS CUP FROM BRITAIN: MRS. COVELL PRESENTING IT TO MRS. WIGHTMAN AT FOREST HILLS, N.Y.

The Women's International lawn-tennis match for the Wightman Cup was decided, on August 10, at Forest Hills, Long Island, New York, when the final results gave the United States team the victory over the British soldiers, by four events to three. The photograph shows three of the British players are seen on the left and two of the Americans on the right. The names are (from left to right) Mrs. D. C. Shepherd Barron, Mrs. L. R. Mitchell, Mrs. H. C. Covell (presenting the Cup), Mrs. Hazel Wightman (receiving it) and Miss Helen Jacobs.



A CASUALTY IN THE JERUSALEM RIOTS: MR. H. VINAY.

Mr. Vinay is one of the employees of Wyldes Hall, Oxford, visiting Jerusalem, who all enrolled as "Crocodiles". He was wounded. It was in gallantry trying to save him that Mr. Edward Brier, of the Immigration Department, was killed.



THE GERMAN DEFENDER OF GALLIOLI: THE LATE GENERAL LIMAN VON SANDERS.

General Liman von Sanders, who died a few days ago at Munich, aged seventy-five, will be chiefly remembered for his defence of Gallipoli. He was sent to Constantinople in 1915, to supervise the reorganization of the Turkish forces.



WASHING THE LILY! AN ATTENDANT IN BATHING COSTUME SPONGING ONE OF THE GIANT LEAVES OF THE VICTORIA REGIA LILY AT KEW GARDENS.

The enormous Victoria Regia lily at Kew Gardens is now in bloom. It has leaves 64 feet in diameter, and 12 feet in circumference, which have to be washed over every day. An attendant in bathing costume is seen standing in the water to perform the task. This plant must not be confused with the "lotus" which is a water lily. The Victoria Regia house No. 10, which it was recently stated, would shortly flower.

PLANT FORMS AS ART DESIGNS. SWORD-HILT, CROZIER, IRONWORK.

PHOTOGRAPHS REPRODUCED FROM "ART FORMS IN NATURE." BY PROFESSOR KARL BLOSSFELDT. BY COURTESY OF THE PUBLISHERS, MESSRS. A. ZWEMMER.



LIKE THE DELICATE TRACERY OF A THIRTEENTH-CENTURY WINDOW: BOURGATI'S ERYNGO (*ERYNGIUM BOURGATI*)—A LEAF ENLARGED FIVE TIMES.

SURELY PART OF A FIFTEENTH-CENTURY IRON RAILING OF THE FINEST TYPE! AMERICAN MAIDENHAIR FERN (*ADIANTUM PEDATUM*)—A YOUNG ROLLED-UP FROND ENLARGED EIGHT TIMES.



A BEAUTIFUL MOTIF FOR WOOD, STONE, OR IRON: WILLKOMM'S SAXIFRAGE (*SAXIFRAGA WILLKOMMIIANA*)—A LEAF ROSETTE ENLARGED EIGHT TIMES.



SURELY THESE ARE THE TERMINALS OF EPISCOPAL CROZIER! THE SHIELD-FERN (*ASPIDIUM FILIX MAS*)—A YOUNG ROLLED-UP FROND ENLARGED FOUR TIMES.

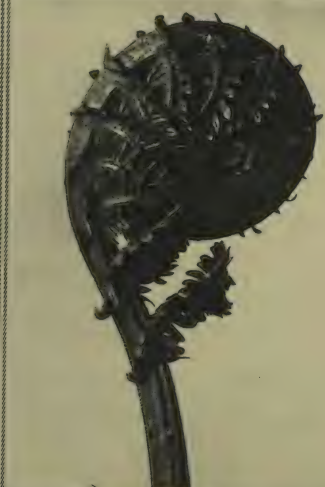


TWISTED IRON IN A RENAISSANCE SCREEN? THE LARKSPUR (*DELPHINIUM*)—PART OF A DRIED LEAF ENLARGED SIX TIMES.



A NOBLE SWORD-HILT, OR THE FINIAL OF AN IRON GATEWAY! THE JAPANESE GOLDEN-BALL TESTE (*FOKSYTHIA SUSPENS*)—A YOUNG SHOOT ENLARGED TEN TIMES.

A DECORATIVE WEAPON IN NATURE'S ARMOURY: A TEAZEL (*DIPSACUS LACINIATUS*) KNOWN AS "VENUS'S BASIN" FROM ITS WATER-HOLDING AXILS—LEAVES DRIED ON THE STEM ENLARGED FOUR TIMES.



DID EVER A BISHOP POSSESS SO NOBLY SHAPED A CROZIER? GERMAN OSTRICH-FERN (*STRUTHIOPTERIS GERMANICA*), A YOUNG ROLLED-UP FROND ENLARGED EIGHT TIMES.

In a preface to Professor Blossfeldt's remarkable book of photographs, "Art Forms in Nature" (reviewed by Mr. Frank Davis on page 390 of this number), Mr. Karl Nierendorf writes: "Art and Nature, the two great manifestations in the world surrounding us, are intimately related. . . . What exalts man above the other creatures is his capability of transformation by aid of his own spiritual force, which gave the Catholic of the Middle Ages and his entire world a totally different idea of building than, for instance, the Greek of classical times. As Nature . . . is the embodiment of a profoundly sublime secret, so Art is an equally incomprehensible second creation, emanating organically from the human heart and the human brain. . . . Modern techniques bring us into closer touch with Nature than was ever possible before. . . . Thus it is not by chance that a work is published now which, with the aid of the photographic camera, by giving enlargements of certain parts of a plant, reveals the relationship existing between Art and Nature, never heretofore represented

with such startling clearness. Professor Blossfeldt, architect and teacher at the United State Schools of Free and Applied Art in Berlin, in hundreds of photographic pictures of plants, which have not been retouched or artificially manipulated, but solely enlarged in different degrees, has demonstrated the close connection between the form produced by man and that developed by Nature. The selection comprises 120 plates from this rich material, and each reveals the unity of the Creative Will in Nature and in Art. . . . There is unfolded to the artist who approaches Nature with the aid of the eye of the camera a world comprising all forms of past styles. . . . The fickle delicacy of a Rococo ornament, as well as the heroic severity of a Renaissance chandelier, the mystically entangled tendrils of the Gothic flamboyant style, noble shafts of columns, cupolas and towers of exotic architecture, gilded episcopal croziers, wrought-iron railings, precious sceptres—all these shapes and forms trace their original design to the plant world. Even the dance . . . finds its prototype in a bud."



RECENT weeks have seen an impassioned discussion raging in the daily papers over two artistic problems—first, the proposed new addition to Westminster Abbey, and secondly, the model



GRACE AND DIGNITY OF DESIGN IN A FAMILIAR PLANT: THE COMMON BLACK-CURRANT (*ribes nigrum*)—A TWIG ENLARGED FIVE TIMES.

for the memorial statue to Lord Haig. The latter dispute has, perhaps, attracted more attention, because, whereas everybody knew Lord Haig, and took an interest in him, quite a large proportion of those who pass the Abbey daily, either on foot or on top of a bus, rarely raise their eyes to look at a large building which has been there such a long time, and which is as familiar, in a way, as the principle of gravity.

The Haig question, as this is being written, has developed into a discussion on the theme of "when is a horse not a horse?" and can safely be left to run its course until it is crowded out of the papers by sport and politics in the autumn. But it so happened that, while I was pondering the irreconcilable views of distinguished artists, soldiers, and veterinary surgeons, there arrived Professor Blossfeldt's book, "Art Forms in Nature." With Introduction by Karl Nierendorf and 120 Plates (A. Zwemmer: £2-2s.). With my mind full of the seeming antithesis between what is Art and what is Nature, I opened the book—to find, not a revelation, but at least a convincing ocular proof that the antithesis is non-existent—or, rather, that Art is merely Nature in terms of poetry.

Professor Blossfeldt's book is hereby commended to those myriads of people who say they know nothing about Art, but know what they like. Not even its title, which, though accurate, conjures up pathetic visions of the art class in a Seminary for Young Ladies, must be allowed to prejudice the reader's judgment. The author has made a very simple compilation of ordinary plants as seen under the microscope: the photographs are excellent, the moral stimulating in the highest degree. Here are one hundred and twenty reproductions of flowers and stems and cones, normally considered of interest to the student of botany, but which, by the straightforward yet most ingenious method by which they are photographed, immediately take their place as either familiar phases or possible fundamentals of the decorative arts. The result is to make one see, with renewed interest, how the artists of the past have based their designs upon natural forms, and what infinite varieties remain for the use of their successors of to-day and to-morrow. It is a commonplace to point out that the acanthus, the fleur-de-lys, the

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS:

NATURE TRANSLATED BY PHOTOGRAPHY INTO TERMS OF ART.

An Appreciation of Professor Karl Blossfeldt's "Art Forms in Nature," by FRANK DAVIS.*
(See Illustrations on pages 388 and 389.)

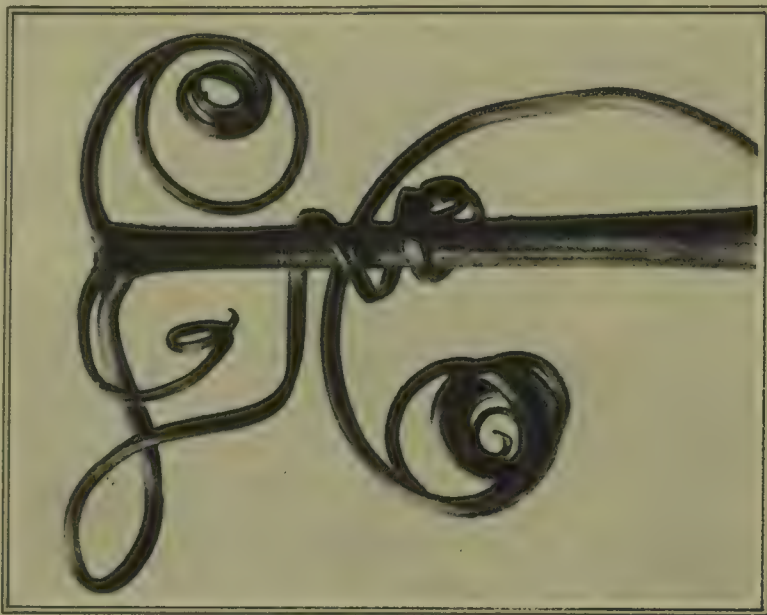
vine tendril, and a dozen other plants, have all provided workers in wood and iron and stone with their main decorative motifs in various periods. Not one of these traditional subjects appears in this book, but the reader is none the less immediately struck with the eminently Gothic character of most of the reproductions. A first glance makes one say "What a delightful fragment from a fourteenth-century iron screen!" for example; we refer back to the index, and find it is nothing of the sort—it is merely a photograph of the tendrils of the pumpkin enlarged four times (Plate 53). Was there ever so nobly-shaped a crozier as Plate 46: indeed there was!—Nature has produced it yearly any time these last ten million years. It is the young rolled-up frond of the German ostrich-fern enlarged eight times.

Have we not seen something similar to the delicate shoot in Plate 32? something austere but in-

spiring—stonework at Winchester or an iron moulding at Chartres? It is the leaf of "Eryngium Bourgatii" enlarged five times. There is nothing quite like it in art, but it has all the character of the Gothic—and none of the fussiness of the Rococo. Plate 57 could very well be the inspiration for the fleur-de-lys motif—or for the hilt of a peculiarly beautiful sword. It is the young shoot, of the Japanese Golden Ball tree (*Forsythia suspensa*) enlarged ten times. The stark severity of

Plate 55—surely a part of the finest sort of fifteenth-century iron railing—merely masks a few rolled-up fronds of maidenhair fern enlarged eight times.

Having by this time persuaded ourselves that all art schools must be immediately transplanted to Kew Gardens, and every student equipped with a microscope, let us acknowledge here and now that Professor Blossfeldt's cunning lenses have made us lose our heads. He has shown us Nature, but not Nature as she is. It is he who has selected and arranged, who has taken the fronds of maidenhair and the tendrils of the pumpkin, and photographed them in such a way that we think we are looking at fragments of highly stylised works of art.



"WHAT A DELIGHTFUL FRAGMENT FROM A 14TH-CENTURY IRON SCREEN!"
TENDRILS OF THE PUMPKIN (*cucurbita*) ENLARGED FOUR TIMES—
A MODEL OF EASY-FLOWING RHYTHM.

We are looking at beautiful patterns, not leaves and twigs in the round with all their thousand nuances of colour.

In short, through the medium of photography, the author has performed the function of the artist; by his particular method he has translated Nature into terms of Art—which, without going into the larger question of characterisation, is exactly the reproach levelled at Mr. Hardiman (the chosen sculptor for the Haig statue) by those who expect a horse in bronze to be merely a cast from a carcass.

Nature has blindly reproduced all the patterns of the flowers since long before men appeared; but these forms, when reproduced again in various materials, demand different treatment. A vine leaf in bronze cannot have quite the character of a vine leaf in wood; the artist is faced with the problem of bending the stubborn material to his will, and also of infusing into it something of his own interpretation of the leaf—and no two genuine artists will do that in exactly the same way. This does not mean that Nature must not be copied; it means that Nature must be followed with understanding. That is the peculiar charm of this collection of photographs; they are scientifically accurate—they are also profoundly true in a much deeper sense. They stimulate the imagination—which is something Nature alone rarely succeeds in doing—and, as suggested above, they serve to remind artists what an infinite variety of natural forms still remains to be adapted to the purposes of art and craftsmanship. Professor Blossfeldt, in his present work, has sought his material from the vegetable kingdom. Perhaps he will turn his attention later to the animal and mineral worlds.



SUGGESTIVE OF MEDIAEVAL WOOD-CARVING, BUT VERY NEARLY UNKNOWN AS AN ART MOTIF: FEVERFEW CHRYSANTHEMUM (*CHRYSANTHEMUM PARTHENIUM*)—A LEAF ENLARGED FIVE TIMES.

* "Art Forms in Nature." By Professor Karl Blossfeldt. (A. Zwemmer; £2 2s.)

IVORY COAST ART "IN THE EARLIES": A FINE 18TH-CENTURY MASK.



A RARE CEREMONIAL MASK CARVED IN HARD WOOD: A MASTERPIECE OF NEGRO ART.

This exceptionally fine example of Negro art in West Africa comes from the Baoule district of the Ivory Coast, and dates from the end of the eighteenth century, or possibly from the beginning of the nineteenth. In any case it precedes by a considerable number of years the period described by Aloysius Horn in his "Ivory Coast in the Earlies." These masks, which are extremely rare, were used for ceremonial purposes. The present example is a masterly

piece of carving, especially in view of the exceedingly hard wood of which it is made. The surface has acquired a natural patina of a beautiful dark chestnut colour. From an ethnological point of view, another interesting feature of this mask is the arrangement of the tattoo marks, or cicatrices, on the face, particularly at the corners of the mouth. We are indebted to Dr. Stephen Chauvet, of Paris, for the above excellent photograph, which is the work of M. Gauthier.

The Way of the World Through Women's Eyes.

By "MILLAMANT."



MODERN VERSION OF RAINY-DAY "RUBBERS": LADY (BRUCE) SETON WELL PROTECTED AGAINST THE DAMP GRASS AT THE INVERARAY GAMES.

Light-coloured rubber overshoes, the colour of the stockings, with "zip" fasteners reaching to the knees, are very practical accessories, which are worn by many well-known sporting enthusiasts. Lady Bruce is following the prevailing fashion by wearing a satin jumper with her severe tailor-made.

The Medal Week at the greatest of all golfing places offers gaieties for visitors, but there is one event in which the casual southern tourist who comes to St. Andrews in order to see notable golfers competing for the King William IV. medal, and to dance at the Golf Ball, can have no part or lot—that is the competition for the captain's prizes, which takes place on the afternoon following Medal Day, on that celebrated miniature course, the Ladies' Putting-Green.

The St. Andrews Ladies' Putting-Green is a unique eighteen-hole putting course on naturally rolling and hilly ground, and is situated to the right of the first hole on the Old Course, by the burn. In Queen Victoria's spacious days, when "the leddies" did not play what was then called "long golf," but only putted, the ladies' course was a fashionable evening rendezvous, and long-skirted figures in "garden-party" attire, with hats perched on the top of coiffures à la Pompadour, used to assemble there daily in order to enjoy mixed four-somes with their "beaux." Private tournaments took place constantly during the season, and everyone "who was anyone" in golfing circles was to be seen there. The glory has now departed from this celebrated putting-green, although it is true that some years ago it was copied exactly in America, measurements of every slope and every valley having been taken most carefully. Now it is seldom patronised by the young folk, and, in fact, only shows any attempt at a return to its "old

The Ladies' Putting-Green Then and Now.

September is the most frivolous month in the calendar for Scotland, as not only is Caledonia invaded by what dour old-fashioned Scots call "the English and other foreigners," but the Oban Gathering, the Northern and Western Meetings, the Perth Balls and Races, the Medal Week festivities at St. Andrews, and other fixtures are all crowded into the next four weeks.



A SMART WATERPROOF WITH A MILITARY CUT: VISCOUNTESS EBRINGTON AT THE CHILDREN'S PONY SHOW, DUNSTER.

Wet weather no longer depresses the well-dressed woman, for modern water-proofs play an important part in the modes: Lady Ebrington is wearing a mackintosh which is beautifully cut and tailored.

NOTABLE WOMEN IN WET-WEATHER CLOTHES.

form" in Medal Week, when, in accordance with the immemorial custom, the new Captain of the Royal and Ancient provides prizes for the members to compete for on the day after Medal Day. Only wooden or aluminium putters are allowed on the sacred turf, and frivolous people say that some "period" clubs, apparently dating from the reign of Queen Anne, appear for the captain's prizes. This year Colonel Moncrieff Skene of Pitlour will be the donor.

Pioneers of "Long Golf," and their Costumes.

It is amusing to consider the history of women's golf, and to recall the fact that, in the late 'nineties, when Lady Oxford and Asquith (then Mrs. Asquith) was one of the few ladies who played on the Old Course at St. Andrews, this enterprise on her part was considered to be quite remarkable. There are actually women who can recall their fathers' scandalised comments on the fact that a feminine creature had dared to play what was called "long golf," and that the delicate sensibilities of the Victorian male had been outraged by the fact that one could see "above her ankles" in a bunker. These days are going to be recalled for us on the stage when "Follow Through" is produced at the new Dominions Theatre; for in that American golfing play we are promised a theatrical presentation of early twentieth century athletic ladies in "motor caps" and long, full skirts which used to have to be reefed in by a band of elastic pushed down to the knee when there was a wind on the putting-green.

A Quilt for the Queen.

The National Federation of Women's Institutes is one of the most active and progressive of modern organisations, and I am very interested by its latest achievement, which consists in the production of a wonderful quilt worked by women of every county in England and Wales. The completed quilt is to be presented to her Majesty in October, and with her permission will be on view at the Exhibition of Handicrafts held by the Federation at the Imperial Institute during that month. Only women who have passed the "A" test for embroidery were allowed to stitch at this quilt, and the various flower sections and "diamonds" were each produced by a different county.

Not long ago in this page I referred to the interesting quilts exhibited at Londonderry House, and remarked on the antiquity of many of the patterns used. In the case of the Queen's quilt the design was "constructed" from the patterns on several old quilts, lent for the purpose by cottage dwellers. The material is fine linen, embroidered in gold silk, and the effect is lovely. It is largely owing to the Women's Institute that the ancient art of quilting has come into prominence again, and is being carried on all over England. Lady Lisburne, for instance, offered a special prize for the best example of this branch of handicraft, which has, of course, always been a characteristically Welsh industry.

A 75-per-Cent. Woman is always referred to as "the home maker" by old-fashioned folk who have not got quite used to thinking of members of the feminine sex as aviators and motorists, doctors and lawyers; but at the coming Exhibition of Handicrafts by

Women's Institutes modern woman will figure literally as a home-maker, for four model rooms will be exhibited in which the furniture and decorations are made entirely by women members—and their men relatives—but only 25 per cent. of male help has been allowed. The rooms to be shown have been chosen from amongst many entries, and will offer a most interesting opportunity of comparing the average country woman's idea of a model home, with the ideals of our ancestors in that direction.

A School for Producers.

The work of the Women's Institutes is known all over the country, and it is most encouraging to note that every year the number of institutes increases. There are now more than four thousand, all strictly non-political and non-sectarian, but refreshingly controversial on all other subjects. The Music, Drama, and Dancing sub-committee, which has Lady Boyd and Lady Chichester among its keenest members, is responsible for organising many of the successful pageants, and for the new vogue for folk dancing in the villages—an activity which the women simply adore. The task of producing these pageants is not undertaken lightly, and there are schools for producers amongst the institutes.

Another interesting activity of the Federation is concerned with the revival of old English cookery recipes, and a thousand copies of a cookery book compiled by the Oxfordshire institutes were sold in a few months. The recipes given were very interesting, as in many cases they were supplied by old cottagers and innkeepers, and were relics of the days when the "gentry"

stopped and got meals on the road while changing post-horses on their way to the city of learning.



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MARINE CARAVANNING.—XLVII.

By COMMANDER G. C. E. HAMPTON.

MOST of the letters I receive connected with these articles ask for advice on the best size of cruiser to buy. The answer depends, of course, on how much each person can afford. Many state the number they wish to accommodate, and nearly all say that, though they have visions of future holidays on the inland waterways of Europe, they want seaworthy craft suitable for coastal cruises at home rather than for use in river estuaries only.

I have looked carefully at all these letters recently, and find that the majority call for vessels of approximately 40 ft. long in order to provide the required accommodation. When, however, they discover the price of a new boat of this size, the desire to become an owner often fades. Now the cost of a well-built 40-ft. cruiser is approximately the same as that of a good class car, many thousands of which are sold annually, so that the price alone cannot be the deterrent. I think that the real cause is that, as a boat in this country cannot be used all the year round to the same extent as a car, and as few persons have sufficient leisure to take one abroad for the winter, the price for pleasure possible only during the warm months is looked upon as too high. I do not agree with this contention, for there is no taxation connected with a boat, and, in addition, the owner of one can save the whole of the lodging expenses of his family during the holiday months; these items should be put against that of the initial cost. This consideration must be well known to existing owners, for it is not easy to find sound second-hand 40-ft. cruisers at low prices even during the cold months.

The alternative to the 40-ft. floating home is, of course, the small vessel of 30 ft. and under, which can be bought both new and second-hand at prices well within the reach of any who can afford a small car, and the autumn is the cheapest time to buy them. To save fatigue, a "Baby" car may be sent by rail from London to Scotland, when a Rolls-Royce would be driven up, and the same applies to the small and

large cruisers. In several ways the small vessel has advantages over the large, quite apart from cost. For example, she can penetrate to places, by reason



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of her light draught and small size, that a big boat cannot reach. At one time I was not in favour of the very small cruiser, but I see now that, if designers will take a little more trouble over their internal fittings, there is a great future before them.

This has made me look round the market for low-priced boats of that sort. There are many to choose from, if the size of the pile of catalogues before me is any indication, and amongst them I am much attracted by that of the Ailsa Craig Company. This firm is best known as the builders of the Ailsa Craig marine engine, which is made at their works at Chiswick. Like several others, however, they also supply complete boats, for they find it a good means of selling more engines. I am pleased to note there is a growing tendency amongst firms to do this, for it helps the buyers. If, for instance, anything should go wrong with a boat so built, the responsibility rests with one firm only, and there are no separate hull and engine builders to argue that the fault lies with the other, as has so often happened in the past.

Ailsa Craig engines have been known for many years throughout the world as reliable units, without being expensive either to buy or run; they may be termed, in fact, the "Austins" of the marine-engine world. They are made in eight sizes, which range from 4-h.p. to 100-h.p., and are one of the neatest engines to look at on the market without being inaccessible. Some models are specially designed for installation in craft where the available space is very restricted. Few firms do this, yet it is an important point where the small cruiser is concerned. Though many standard boats are shown in the catalogue before me and at fixed prices, they are only built to order, so it is not possible to buy one over the counter. This in many ways is an advantage, for it permits individual tastes—so dear to owners' hearts—to be included in the design at a slight extra cost which can be quoted beforehand. With the ordering season nearly at hand, I advise anyone to consider these craft who may contemplate the purchase of a boat for next season; I understand that the firm will show at the Shipping Exhibition at Olympia from Sept. 12 to 28.

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

REDESIGNING OPEN CARS.—SOME GLARING FAULTS.

EVERY now and then, usually about twice a year, that is to say, in the good weather and in the bad, every properly instituted motorist is overcome with an irresistible desire to equip his car in the manner he considers it deserves. This equipment may, of course, range from fitting new instruments to the car, costing anything from £1 to £10, to re-upholstering the seats with pneumatic cushions, and ordering oneself a new set of weather shields for an open car. So far as the open car is concerned, I should like this year to make several alterations. It is probably quite plain by now to the readers of *The Illustrated London News* that I am one of those incomprehensible individuals who prefer open touring cars to the most luxurious saloon or limousine. It is not my fault—I was just born that way. In addition to my personal tastes, I suffer from the equally strange conviction that a redesigned form of touring car will eventually find its way back on to the roads, and challenge the supremacy of the saloon.

Saloon or Open? It would be idle to repeat the arguments for or against either the closed or the open car, except

just to remind oneself that there are days during the year when each is thoroughly unsatisfactory. To my thinking, quite a different sort of hood, designed by motorists of experience, would very quickly convert the saloon fanatic to the open-air one. The ordinary hood to-day is really a very poor affair, and the only thing it does with any success at all is to keep most of the rain off, and then only when it is fitted with particularly clever weather shields, which generally means that they are anything but handy to remove and replace. I have managed to make the shields on my own car draught-proof with such success that, with three people in the car, it soon becomes necessary to take out one of the shields, in order to be able to breathe properly.

Where Both Fail. This sounds highly improbable, to say the least of it, but it is strict fact. So far as weather protection goes, I am very nearly as well off on a cold and wet day as the inhabitants of a saloon of the same size. Where my hood fails completely is

in the admission of light. It is, in the excellent old phrase, "as dark as the inside of a cow," and, although you may not realise it at the time, darkness in a motor car is exceedingly depressing. I say nothing of one's inability to get more than a hazy impression of the passing scenery, because you are very little better off in this respect in the now fashionable, and quite abominable, very low-roofed small saloons.

Two Ideas. I want to find a courageous coachbuilder who, without presenting a ruinous bill, will carry out two radical alterations. The first is not really a new idea, being quite common on certain American cars. I want the whole of the back panel to be either detachable, or capable of being neatly rolled up. This is for those few tropical days we get when even the most ardent sun-worshippers prefer to drive with some protection over their heads. An open back like that makes an immense difference to everyone's comfort on a sweltering day. This panel must obviously be absolutely wind and water-tight when in position. That is a problem which must be solved by the coachbuilder. Further, I want a very large celluloid window in this back panel, the size ordinarily provided being ridiculously small. If a small celluloid window, say, 18 in. by 9 in., does not leak at the seams (and I have yet to meet one that does) I cannot see why a larger one should do so. It is probable that some kind of protection would have to be provided for this celluloid when the hood is folded down, possibly taking the form of a blind either side of it, which could be buttoned up when the hood was up. That again is for the coachbuilder to decide, but I see absolutely no reason why it should not be done.

A "Sunshine" Hood. My other notion is, so far as I know, my own. I want a celluloid window let into the top of the hood extending from the front edge as far back as possible. Even twelve inches would make a great difference, as, when you see the ordinary hood folded back, there is at least that much lying perfectly flat. The celluloid should, therefore, not suffer in any way. It would have a protecting blind on the inside both to preserve it from damage and to keep off the direct rays of the sun on one of those really summer days I mentioned just now. These two schemes ought, on the face of it, to turn a hooded car from a black bag into a comfortable and well-lit carriage, from which at least two of the occupants would be able to see

in comfort more of the mountain scenery than those of the saloon which is not fitted with a sliding roof. They would have a considerable pull over the latter in wet weather.

The Bad Design of Shields.

I have no suggestions to offer my coachbuilder about weather shields except this. The frames must be as narrow as possible and as rigid as possible. The average frame, generally covered with black hood material, is absurdly wide, sometimes as much as two inches or more. I can see no reason for this, except at the edge, where the shield opening with the door must have some kind of draught and wet-excluding overlap. One of the most abominable points of most screens I have had anything to do with is their method of attachment. They have pegs about two inches long which are supposed to fit into holes in the top of the body sides. If they fit, they are difficult to put in and still more difficult to get out without breaking them, and, if they do not fit, they rattle.

At this moment I have three or more of these holes rendered useless by the broken-off pegs of the shields. You cannot know until you have tried how remarkably difficult it is to get those broken pegs out. Is there any reason why some form of clip should not be used, which could be tightened with a thumb-screw on the outside? It should be a simple matter to arrange for metal protectors to prevent the paint-work being scratched, and to ensure the shields being in exactly the right place. Is it beyond the ingenuity of a clever coachbuilder (if he is the man who makes these things) to perform this neatly? This is a free suggestion, and is not covered by any patent.

Glare-Guards for Open Cars.

Finally, when I am modifying my open touring car, I shall try and find some accessory-maker who will fit one of the new orange anti-screens which one sees now so often on closed cars. These are screwed into place against the under edge of the roof and against the side pillars, but I should have thought that a couple of stout clips fitting over the top of the windscreen would have met the situation in a practical manner. During the last few weeks I have driven a good deal with these glare-guards, and I regard them as one of the most comfortable gadgets imaginable. That is how I should like to have my open touring car refitted, but I do not suppose for one moment that I shall ever be able to achieve more than about a half of my ambitions.

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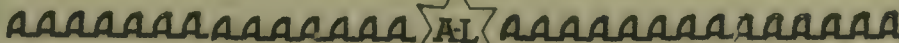
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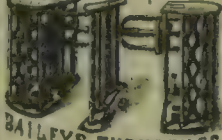
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THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

FORTHCOMING EVENTS.

IT has been reported in the daily Press that the coming autumn and winter musical season will be the busiest that London has ever known, and, judging from the plans already announced, this would seem to be true. There are to be, it is calculated, about fifty-three orchestral concerts, and, when we consider that these will follow a continuous series of eight weeks of the Promenades at the Queen's Hall, it must be admitted that there is an enormous consumption of music in London nowadays. Nor has the quality suffered for this great increase in quantity, as far as one can judge. It is always much more difficult to assess quality than quantity, for the simple reason that only quantities can be measured; qualities are not to be measured—they can only be felt, and the difficulty of getting agreement upon feelings is notorious.

The two oldest organisations which give a regular series of orchestral concerts in London—namely, the Royal Philharmonic Society and the London Symphony Orchestra—have announced their usual list of concerts, and we shall hear programmes that will not differ much from those of the past few years. A certain amount of new blood introduced into the council of the Royal Philharmonic Society will, no doubt, result in one of two programmes of a less hackneyed character than usual. The London Symphony Orchestra will probably stick to its policy of giving classical programmes under eminent conductors. This is quite a good policy, provided the conductors and soloists are really well chosen, because it ought to be possible to hear in London every winter season a large proportion of the best orchestral compositions—seeing that London is the headquarters of so many thousand music students from the Dominions, the Colonies, and the rest of Great Britain. It may be assumed that to provide such concerts is the main function of the Royal Philharmonic Society, but its concerts are far too few in number to cover this field without the assistance of the London Symphony Orchestra's concerts.

A third organisation, the B.B.C., has by now acquired a definite rôle. Leaving the more orthodox programmes to be provided, as in the past, by the older institutions, the Royal Philharmonic Society and the L.S.O., the B.B.C. orchestral concerts have come

to have a more modern character. We now look to the B.B.C. to give us programmes of modern works which are expensive and difficult to produce, and also to give us those exceptional compositions of the past which, for one reason or another, the academic and professional societies have neglected. During the coming season our finest native conductor, Sir Thomas Beecham, will conduct a number of the B.B.C. concerts. This is very good news, and it is to be hoped that with the opportunity Sir Thomas Beecham will set about broadening his repertory. In the past he has limited himself to the compositions of a few composers, past and present, whose work has a particular appeal to him. There is nothing to criticise in this policy. It is, on the contrary, a natural and right one, because every musician may be allowed his peculiar preferences, and he will, as a rule, play best what he likes best.

Nevertheless, there is also danger in such a policy. Music is a language, and its greatest masters will not confine themselves to any single subject. Sir Thomas Beecham's love for Handel, Mozart, and the works of Mr. Frederick Delius is well known, but I hope that by the end of the forthcoming season his interest in some other composers will be equally well known. He is going to conduct a Delius festival, and we shall all be glad of another opportunity of studying the music of this gifted composer in the mass. Sir Thomas has always been the greatest advocate of Mr. Delius's music in this country, and it is good to see such an example of permanent faith and loyalty as this new Delius festival; but I hope that Sir Thomas will also show that there is some contemporary music other than Delius's which interests him, because Sir Thomas's gifts are too exceptional to be reserved for one or two particular channels.

The fourth of the orchestral enterprises is that of the Hallé orchestra of Manchester. This famous orchestra, with its conductor, Sir Hamilton Harty, is to give a series of concerts in London, and it will be very welcome. It is a magnificent orchestra, and Sir Hamilton Harty will be able to show London what he and his musicians can do. We may also expect some original, unorthodox programmes from this series of concerts. The presence and rivalry of this famous orchestra ought also to have a stimulating effect upon the members of our London orchestras.

The fifth in order, and the newest of the promoters

of orchestral concerts for the coming season, are Mrs. Courtauld and Dr. Malcolm Sargent, who have collaborated in arranging a series of six orchestral concerts in London, for which they are engaging the London Symphony Orchestra. Their intention is to take great pains to secure a high standard of programme and performance, and they have already announced several interesting events. For example, they have engaged Mr. Otto Klemperer from Berlin to conduct a concert at which a symphony by Bruckner—whose music is strangely neglected in England—will be performed. Mr. Klemperer is quite unknown in England, and his visit will be looked forward to with great interest, as he has an excellent reputation in Berlin. A second concert will present to London Gustav Mahler's choral-symphony, "Das Lied von der Erde," with Bruno Walter conducting. Mahler's music is just as little known in England as Bruckner's, whereas in Germany Mahler has for many years since his death been as outstanding a figure as Elgar has in this country. Mahler was in some ways perhaps the greatest conductor of modern times. Under his direction the Vienna State Opera attained an unsurpassed efficiency, but he was not only an exceptionally gifted interpretative and executant musician, he was highly gifted as a composer. His music is unequal and variable, but at its best has a genuine originality and beauty, and it is time that English audiences were given an opportunity of hearing it. Mr. Bruno Walter was a colleague of Mahler's at Vienna, and one could not wish for a more sympathetic interpreter, so that the "Lied von der Erde" ought to be heard under the most favourable circumstances on this occasion.

Beyond announcing that they have engaged Mr. Artur Schnabel as soloist for two of the remaining four orchestral concerts, Mrs. Courtauld and Dr. Sargent have given no further details as to their programmes. They could not have chosen better than Mr. Schnabel as a soloist, for everyone who has heard this remarkable artist will want to hear him again, and those who have not yet become acquainted with him have a rare treat in store for them. It will be seen that the musical season is going to be an active and enterprising one. In addition to these concerts there will be, no doubt, a number of others of real importance. Among them I should like to mention Mr. Gerald Cooper's

(Continued overleaf.)



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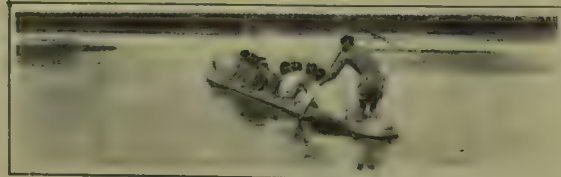
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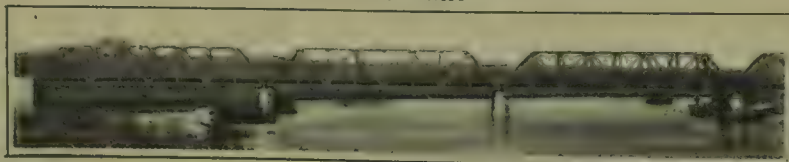
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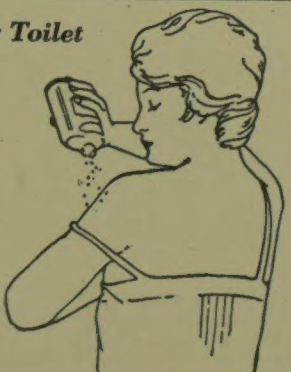
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Continued.

Chamber Music concerts. Mr. Cooper has now for several years past given a series of chamber concerts which have been notable for the excellence of the music and the musicians engaged. One will be able to look forward to his new concerts, with confidence in his taste and judgment, as probably the best series of chamber concerts to be heard in London during the coming winter. W. J. TURNER.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.—(Continued from Page 384.)

Grand Fleet. "I remember (writes his editor and former shipmate) his referring to his journal to prove to me during a kit-inspection that his shore-going boots had been stolen. . . . The entry was unforgettable: 'my boots stoled today, i should like to know what Scumb have got them.'"

That sentence is typical of Mr. Taplow's sublime originality in style, spelling, grammar, and punctuation. He himself makes passing reference to his war service on this wise, in recording a conversation with a foreigner out East—

he said you have nise war ships i thort this is suspiciuous i did not know if he was getting At you, says i am not awair if they are particklar nise i were in one, i were in the black Prinse in jutland. he said were you. . . . damn it yes i said you do not forget this triphul, he said she were sunked if i am not Miss took. Tells him pressisively; asks if you was rescowed i thort oh no i dyed i am a gost but says yes but onlly by the skin of your tooth."

There is no hint of doubtful authenticity in regard to this delicious diary, and, indeed, I do not think anyone could have invented it. It is a pure joy, and I learn with sorrow that the author's earlier "private log-books" were lost or destroyed. Verily, I believe it was British humour that won the war! C. E. B.

In our issue of July 13 last we published two reconstruction drawings of mastodons (Egyptian and American) for comparison with Stone Age petroglyphs of these long-extinct creatures recently found in South Africa. It should have been said that the drawings were made, for the American Museum of Natural History, solely by that well-known artist, Mr. Charles R. Knight, and not "by Osborn and Knight," as stated in our description.

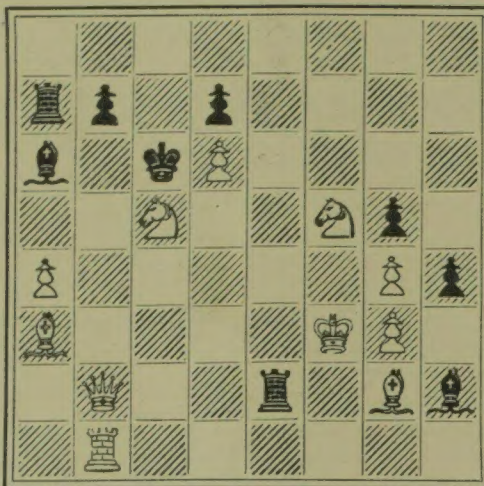
CHESS.

CONDUCTED BY ERNEST IRVING.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Letters intended for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, I.L.N., Inveresk House, 346, Strand, W.C.2.

PROBLEM No. 4054.—By C. CHAPMAN (MODDERFONTEIN).

BLACK (9 pieces).



WHITE (11 pieces).

[In Forsyth Notation: 8; rp1p4; btkP4; 2S2Spr; P5Pp; B4KPr; 1Q2r1Bb; 1R6.]

White to play, and mate in three moves.

NOTE.—In order to prevent our purists from wasting stamps, we state at once that we are aware that the B on a6 is "obtrusive," otherwise a promoted pawn!

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 4047 received from J. H. E. Jarvis (Pukehou, N.Z.); of No. 4050 from J. S. Almeida (Bombay), Herbert Price (Pretoria), Geo. Parbury (Singapore), and Antonio Ferreira (Porto); of No. 4051 from H. Price (Pretoria), and J. W. Smedley (Brooklyn); of No. 4052 from R. B. Cooke (Portland, Me.), John Hannan (Newburgh, N.Y.), Charles Willing (Philadelphia), Ant. Ferreira (Porto), Rev. W. Scott (Elgin), P. C. Thomson (Chapeltown), Julio Mond (Seville), A. G. Z. (New York); of No. 4053 from A. G. Z. (New York), Rev. W. Scott (Elgin), L. W. Cafferata (Newport), H. Richards (Hove), and P. J. Wood (Wakefield).

SOLUTIONS OF GAME PROBLEM No. XXIII. from H. H. Shepherd (Royapuram), J. H. E. Jarvis (Pukehou, N.Z.); of XXV. from J. H. E. Jarvis; of No. XXVI. from Herbert Price (Pretoria) and R. S. (Melrose); of No. XXVII. from A. Edmeston (Llandudno), Senex (Darwen), Chas. Willing (Philadelphia), H. Richards (Hove), David

Hamblen (Newton, Mass.), J. W. Smedley (Brooklyn), and A. G. Z. (New York); of No. XXVIII. from A. Edmeston (Llandudno), P. C. Thomson (Chapeltown); A. G. Z. (New York), H. Richards (Hove), all 100%; E. Bowen Birch (Manchester), 80%; and David Hamblen (Newton, Mass.), 50%.

CARE-FREE CHESS.

The following game is one of the liveliest from the British Championship at Ramsgate. Though the destination of the second prize probably depended upon it, both players played with enterprise and vigour, such as is usually associated with "skittles" rather than "serious" chess. Sacrifices and mating threats abound, and altogether it is a pleasant variation from the wood-shifting that characterised many of the games.

(Queen's Pawn.)

WHITE (Rev. F. E. Hamond, Norwich.)	BLACK (H. E. Price, Birmingham.)	WHITE (Rev. F. E. Hamond, Norwich.)	BLACK (H. E. Price, Birmingham.)
1. P Q4	Kt KB3	29. Kt K5	QR8ch
2. P Q B4	PK3	30. K Q2	B x P!
3. Kt QB3	B Kt5		
4. Q Kt3	P B4		
5. P x P	B x P		
6. B B4	Kt B3		
7. Kt B3	Castles		
8. P K3	QR4		
9. B Q3	Kt R4		
10. Castles (K)	Kt x B		
11. P x Kt	P B4		
12. K K2	QB2		
13. QR Q1	P Q Kt3		
14. Q B3	B Kt2		

White had overlooked this strong move, which threatens QK8 mate. 31. P x Kt is no defence, because of BK8ch, winning the Q.

31. Q B1 QK5
Threatening BK6ch.

32. Q B3 R x P!
If 33. Kt x R, QK8 mate!

so White offers his Q for a mate on his own account.

33. R Q8ch KR2

34. BK8!

If 34. — R x Q; 35. BKt6 mate.

34. —

35. K Q1 BK6ch

36. K B1 QKt8ch

37. K K2 B x Kt

38. BKt6ch

Forced now to prevent R Kt7ch.

38. — R x B

39. Kt x R QK5ch

40. K Q1 QR8ch

41. K K2 QKt7ch

42. K K1 K x Kt

He must take the Kt, as White still has a kick with 43. Kt B8ch, KKt1; 44. Kt Kt6ch, then, if

44. — KB2; 45. R Q7ch!, etc.

43. P x Kt BB6!

White resigns, for if, to stop the mate, he plays, 43. Q Q3, then 43. — B Q7ch!; 44. Q x B; 45. Q Kt8 mate!!!

A fine, spirited contest, creditable to both players, who actually played Chess as if it were a game!

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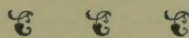


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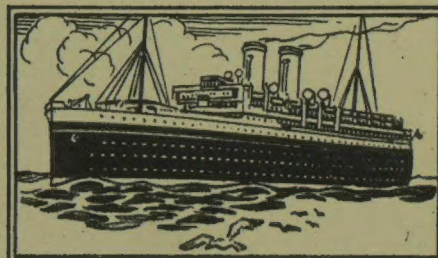
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THE ART OF DINING.

SEPTEMBER ON THE MOORS.

By Jessie J. Williams, M.C.A.

THERE are many delightful things special to the misty month of September. With its advent, the thoughts of housekeepers and hostesses, especially



SEASON THE GRAVY WITH A LITTLE GOOD SAUCE, AND THICKEN IT WITH ARROWROOT.

those who have left town for the North, turn to game cookery, and to meals which will appeal to the "guns," either in the form of luncheon on the moors or as entertainment after a day among the partridge.

No meal has undergone more change and expansion of late years than the shooting lunch. No longer is the crust of bread and cheese, accompanied by a flask of cold tea, to be considered. Even cunningly devised sandwiches do not invariably appeal, but for September shoots a cold lunch will be preferred to the hot-pot variety that is welcomed later in the year. Provide cold savoury pie—grouse and chicken are excellent—and ham cooked in some specially delicious way; fruit turnovers, a wedge of good lunch cake, followed by cheese and a cup of coffee, and you will have sent out provisions that are highly appreciated.

A pie that is particularly good with grouse, but

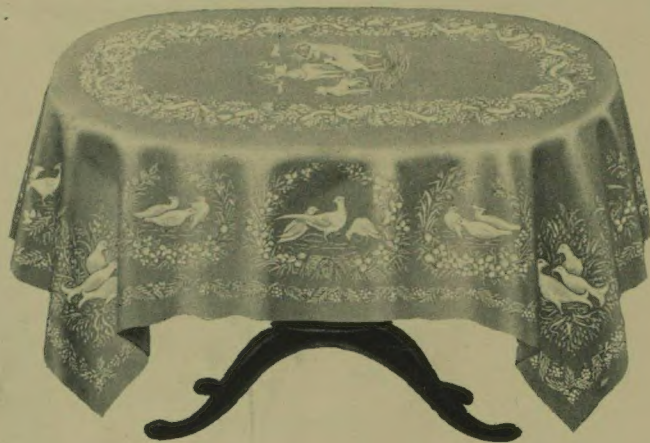
for which other game may be used, is as follows. Prepare a brace of grouse and cut them into neat joints, removing the head and neck, the feet, and the ends of the wings. Cut half a pound of beef-steak into small convenient pieces, and brown both beef and grouse pieces in a little hot butter in a frying-pan. Into a deep pie-dish put first some small pieces of bacon, then the beef, and a seasoning of pepper, salt, and chopped parsley, and a few peeled mushrooms. On the top of this put the joints of game, and add more seasoning, mushrooms, and parsley. Place two hard-boiled eggs, cut into slices, on top, and then put on some more pieces of bacon. Pour some game stock, to which about a gill of red wine has been added, over the contents of the dish, cover with a piece of pastry—flaky or rough-puff—leaving a hole in the centre. Bake from one-and-a-half to two hours, and then pour in through the hole in the centre a little gelatine dissolved in stock. Set the pie aside to go cold.

For outdoor service of all kinds, this cake is to be recommended, as it does not readily become dry. Clean and prepare half a pound of currants and half a pound of sultanas, and cut into shreds four ounces of mixed peel. Into a large basin put a pound of flour, and into it rub half a pound of butter until free from lumps. Then add the fruit and peel, the grated rind of a lemon, and three-quarters of a pound of Demarara sugar. In a saucepan, heat half a pint of stout, and to it stir one teaspoonful of carbonate of soda; while still frothy, pour it into the centre of the dry ingredients, and add four well-beaten eggs. Beat the mixture for about fifteen minutes, pour it into a cake-tin that has been lined with greased paper, and bake for three hours in a moderate oven.

For one course for dinner nothing can be better than a British grey partridge that is young, tender, and juicy. Given such a bird, there is no better treatment it can receive than to be plainly roasted, and served with such accompaniments as fried bread-crumbs, bread sauce, chipped potatoes and a salad. An

older bird is best treated *en casserole* in the following way. Truss the bird like a fowl for boiling. Peel, stem, and chop a few mushrooms; dissolve about one ounce of butter in a stewpan over a gentle heat; put in the mushrooms and a sprinkling of salt and cayenne, and simmer them gently for about five minutes. Turn them on to a plate, and when quite cold use them for stuffing the partridge, and fasten securely. Put the bird into a well-greased casserole, add stock, and cover the casserole tightly. Cook gently in the oven until the bird is tender. When half-cooked, thicken the gravy with a little arrowroot, worked to a smooth paste with a small quantity of butter, and season the gravy with a few drops of good sauce.

The most welcome form of cookery for the moors is perhaps done by means of casseroles, which give just the right homely touch of service that is appropriate. These utensils are daily becoming more beautiful to look upon, and bestow an artistic touch to a meal. Hostesses who would give a realistic



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